THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

Entertaining COMPANION for the FAIR SEX.

Vol. 43, No. 10, for October, 1812.

This Number is embellished with the following Plates:

1. The VISIT to the FLEET PRISON.
2. London fashionable WALKING and EVENING DRESSES.
3. New PATTERN for the FRONT of a DRESS.

CONTENTS.

The Debtors (*with a Plate*) page 439
Modern Life delineated, 443
Solitary Musings in a Country Church, 449
The Brothers, 451
The Dutch Patriots, 456
The Highland Hermitage, 458
The Old Woman, No. 10.—On Female Celibacy, 462
True Greatness of Mind, 465
The Loquacious Visitor, 466
A Russian Archbishop, 468

MEDLEY.

The Wedding-Night, 470
Dyed Beards, 470
Henry VIII. and the Monks, 470
Curious Night Accommodation, 470
Capture of Serpents, 471
Lapland Church Discipline, 471
Frugality of Scotch Laborers, 471
Bishop Hough, and his Steward, 471

POETRY.

Address, on the Opening of Drury-Lane Theatre, 472
Lines, by Miss Squire, 473
The First of September, 473
The Spirits of the Dead, 474
Hope, 474
The Soldier's Wife's Invocation to Peace, 475
Wellington and Glory—Completion of Bouts-rimés, 475
Bouts-rimés proposed, 476
Character of the Poet Cowper, 476
To absent Caroline, 476
On Joseph Bonaparté's Expulsion, 476
L'Embaumement économique, 476
London Fashions, 477
Foreign Affairs, 477
Domestic Occurrences, 480
Births, 483
Marriages, 483
Deaths, 483

APPENDIX.

Bible Society, 483
Remarkable Chase, 483
The Dog and the Fiddle, 484
Vauxhall Bridge, 484
Changes in Nature, 484
Mermaid and Triton, 484
Modern Cæsars, 484
Expensive Elections, 484
Deterioration of Malt Liquors, 484
Sick Head-Ach, 484

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where Favors from Correspondents continue to be received.

NOTICES.

In our next Number, will commence an interesting Novel, entitled "The Adopted Child."

We are sorry to inform *G. W**t,* of *Gosport,* that neither of his productions has sufficient merit for publication.

To more than one correspondent, we have to repeat what we have more than once declared before, that we *never* do insert any *Birth, Marriage,* or *Death,* which is not duly authenticated; and that, although authenticated, the narrowness of our limits unavoidably compels us to omit many such articles, which we would otherwise very willingly insert.

The "*Russian Maid's Farewell*" came too late for insertion in our present Number, but shall appear in our next.

The "*Young Lover,*" who has sent us a large sheet of prose and rhime from "*Hatherley,*" ought to have paid the postage of his letter, which, unfortunately, contains nothing worthy of publication.

The "*first attempt*" of a "*Youthful Votary of the Muse*" is not sufficiently correct; though it promises well; and we doubt not, that, under the censure of a candid, judicious friend, the fair authoress will, ere long, produce poetry well worthy of public notice.

We are sorry that we cannot gratify "*Charles*" by the insertion of his "*Platonic Sonnet.*"—What would our fair readers think of such rhimes as *Speak* and *Greet*—*Sought* and *Worth?*

THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

For OCTOBER, 1812.

The Debtors;
a Narrative founded on Facts.
By Maria.

(*Concluded from page* 410, *and accompanied with an illustrative Plate.*)

To describe Louisa's feelings, when she entered the barriers of that dismal abode where sorrow and misfortune dwelt, is totally impossible, as all description must fail of its effect.—From the broad stare of curiosity, which her appearance and equipage had excited among the debtors, Miss Pennington shrunk with evident embarrassment: and, desiring Jessy to be her conductress, she, with trembling steps, followed her up a long flight of stairs.—The door of the apartment which inclosed the ill-fated Jameson, was thrown open by his daughter; when a scene the most affecting presented itself.

The most prominent object was the hapless father of the unfortunate family, sitting up in a mean pallet bed, and languidly leaning back, while his unhappy wife was endeavouring to persuade him to take a little water-gruel.—A girl, about fourteen, was dividing a few potatoes between her brothers, the one apparently about seven, and the other five years of age; while tears, occasioned by the recollection of past comforts, rapidly coursed each other down her pallid cheeks.—Louisa regarded the group with silent emotion, until Jessy exclaimed, "Oh! my dear father! I have brought you a messenger of peace! This lady is Miss Pennington; and she is come to obtain your release."

The basin of gruel dropped from the hands of the agitated Mrs. Jameson; and, had not her affectionate daughter's sustaining arms supported her, she would have fallen at her feet. Louisa's smelling-bottle, however, soon revived her; and tears afforded her relief.—The joy of the poor woman's heart chased away the drops of sensibility; and, embracing the hand of Louisa, she called her a guardian angel. "In mercy," replied the latter, "spare these unmerited eulogiums, which do but add to the poignancy of my feelings.—*I* am the unintentional cause of all your sufferings—To *me*—to *me* only, have you a right to ascribe your husband's illness:—but, great God!" continued she, clasping her hands, and raising her eyes to heaven, "thou knowest how deeply, how sincerely I regret it."

Could the gay and the thoughtless have accompanied Louisa Pennington to the abode of wretchedness and restriction, what an impressive lesson might the scene she witnessed have inculcated! and in what a heinous light would they have beheld that too prevalent practice of contracting debts which they are unable to discharge!

I shall pass over the scene which followed, and merely say, that, as the debt, for which Mr. Jameson had been arrested, amounted only to fifty-eight pounds, he flattered himself that the remaining sum he received from Miss Pennington would support his family until he was able to work.—But Louisa felt that something more than mere

justice was due to this industrious family; and, as it was impossible to recall the past, she determined that the future should compensate for it, and therefore declared her resolution of supporting the whole family, until the being whom she had undesignedly injured, was restored to perfect health.—In consequence of this resolution, a neat lodging was taken by Miss Pennington, and the whole sum which she had received from the jeweller, put into Mr. Jameson's hands, with an assurance that it was a mere earnest of future friendship, and was wholly unconnected with her intended weekly allowance.

It is only for those who have experienced the sudden transitions of existence, to form an idea of the sensations the Jamesons experienced: their lips were unable to express their emotions; and tears supplied the place of language.

So completely occupied had Louisa's mind been by the unexpected event of the morning, that the idea of the debt she had contracted the preceding night, never once occurred, until she had taken leave of the Jamesons, and ordered the coachman to drive to Portman Square.

Recollection not only brought contrition, but almost distraction with it.—Her conscience had been awaked by the scenes she had so recently witnessed; and the reflexion of having squandered away thousands on a vice so disgraceful to a young female, was attended with the deepest and sincerest penitence.—To apply personally to Mrs. Luxmore, she found, was impossible; she therefore determined to write, the moment she arrived in Portman Square; and so deep was her remorse for the imprudence of her conduct, that she secretly resolved never again to touch a card.

"Oh! my beloved father!" said she, throwing herself back in the carriage—"could you know what a despicable creature your daughter is become, it would surely embitter those delights you are now participating, and, even over the celestial radiance of heaven, shed a sable gloom!—When I contrast what I am, with what I might have been—when I consider how I have wasted that fortune which was bestowed upon me for the noblest purposes—I may say, with the prodigal, I have sinned against heaven: but, alas! I have no father to witness the tears of penitence!"

This contrite soliloquy was interrupted by the sudden stoppage of the carriage; and, though Louisa scarcely supposed herself half a mile from the Jamesons, she perceived that she was at her own door.—A post-chaise stood near it; and the postillion was in the act of unstrapping a trunk—"Oh! heavens!" she exclaimed—"Company will be insupportable:—I cannot, I will not, see any one!"—Pulling her veil over her face to conceal her agitation, she slowly ascended the steps, and entered the hall—"Mrs. Montgomery, ma'am, is just arrived in that carriage," said the porter, in a tone of satisfaction.

Louisa's heart bounded with exultation:—she almost flew up stairs; but, before she could reach the first landing-place, she found herself encircled in her maternal friend's arms.—Joy, the most exquisite, for some moments stopped the power of utterance:—at length she exclaimed, "Oh! my friend! in mercy, I conjure you, never, never leave me again!—Surely," continued she, "Providence has in kindness sent you at this critical moment.—You know not, you will not credit, the extent of my failings: but my faults shall be all laid open to you:—only

tell me that you will not actually hate your own girl."

"Hate you, my beloved Louisa!" repeated Mrs. Montgomery in the most affectionate accent. "You too well know that is beyond my power. Whatever have been your faults, my fondness will palliate them; but tell me, dearest Louisa, what is it that presses so heavily upon your heart?"

Louisa attempted not to conceal any of her extravagant indiscretions, or the enormous sums she had lost to her pretended friends: but, when Mrs. Montgomery heard that she had lost five hundred pounds to a male relative of Mrs. Luxmore's, she could not avoid exclaiming, "Oh! my Louisa! that, indeed, is shocking!"

Deeply as the feelings of the amiable Mrs. Montgomery were wounded by the confessions of her pupil, yet she was inwardly delighted at her feeling the effect of her vice; and, though chance had afforded her an opportunity of immediately extricating her from the embarrassment which her card debt had occasioned, she determined not to give her the slightest hint of it.—She was too well aware of Mrs. Luxmore's real character, to believe that she would comply with Miss Pennington's request: yet, as she wished to prove that lady's friendship was merely professional, she resolved to let her make the application.

A letter was therefore dispatched, painting, in the strongest colors, the misery of Louisa's feelings at being in debt to a gentleman; expressing her suspicions that her steward had acted dishonestly, as he had not been seen since the morning, and concluding by imploring Mrs. Luxmore to become her banker, until she could receive remittances from Yorkshire.

The request of pecuniary assistance was, to the independent mind of Louisa, the most painful task she had ever undertaken: but, as both Mrs. Luxmore and Mrs. Blissington had often unceremoniously asked *her* assistance, she h[illegible] idea but that the former would readily grant her the aid of her purse.—The servant was particularly ordered to wait for an answer.—In less than an hour, he returned. Louisa seised the letter with avidity: but her countenance became pale as ashes, when she felt that it contained no inclosure.—With eager haste she tore it open, and read the following words—

"My sweet rusticated friend, what antediluvian horrors have you conjured into existence, at the mere fashionable convenience of being in debt?—Frank Hartley, I am persuaded, would never forgive me, were I to attempt depriving him of the gratification he experiences.

"Nay, do not pout, my charming sentimentalist:—but, positively, I have the most particular reasons for not offending Frank; and, if you never pay him, he will consider himself the obliged party; and, until perfectly convenient, do not think of it.

"Adieu, my sweet girl! I trust I shall meet you at Lady Dashwood's, where I hope Fortune will be propitious to your wishes.—Ever your attached and devoted friend, Charlotte Luxmore."

Grief and disappointment were strikingly depicted upon Louisa's expressive countenance: her eyes swam in tears: her whole frame was agitated; and she actually looked the image of despair.

"Check this violence of sorrow, I conjure you, my beloved Louisa," said Mrs. Montgomery, tenderly taking her hand.—"The refusal is exactly what I expected, though I

confess I am astonished at the effrontery of it.—You have now, my love, a positive proof of the instability of fashionable friendship, and, I may add, fashionable sentiments. I wonder not that the latter should [illegible]acy of your feelings; but I trust it will be a useful lesson of experience.—By good fortune, or, I might surely say, by the ordination of Providence, I have the power of enabling you to discharge Mr. Hartley's debt; for your old friend, Mr. Darlington, intrusted me with seven hundred pounds to put into the bank; and I am persuaded he will feel gratified by your using it in whatever manner you please."

By this intelligence, a weight of care seemed to be removed from Louisa's bosom:—the money was inclosed and instantly sent:—the next consideration was, what was to be done with the different tradespeople, whose bills she had almost engaged to pay on the following morning.

No intelligence had been heard of the steward; and, as his escritoire was locked, there was no possibility of examining his accounts. Mrs. Montgomery therefore advised her young friend to pay part of each bill with the remaining money in her possession, whether the steward did or did not return.

If Miss Pennington had been astonished by what she considered as the largeness of poor Jameson's demand upon her, how was that sentiment increased, when she gave audience to those persons she had promised to see on the following morning, and discovered that she had unintentionally been the cause of distressing many industrious people, who had repeatedly applied for the payment of their accounts!—Shocked and contrite at the imprudence of her conduct, and equally disgusted with fashionable amusements and fashionable friends, Louisa resolved to dispose of her town residence, the moment she had discovered the exact amount of her debts.

That Jackson had acted the part of the unjust steward, was evident from his absconding: but Louisa determined not to make the slightest attempt to find him out. "If I discover him," said she "I must punish the fraudulency of his conduct, when my own conscience whispers that my inattention has been the cause.—Had I examined into my affairs, had I inspected my expenditure, he could not materially have plundered my property; and my trades-people would have been regularly paid. It is fit, therefore, that *I* should suffer for my imprudence—not to give it a harsher name."

With heart-felt gratification, Mrs. Montgomery heard these sentiments uttered by the being whom she had cherished with maternal fondness, and whose failings had inspired a greater energy of action than she had reason to expect.—Having disposed of her house and furniture to a gentleman just arrived from India, the heroine of my narrative prepared for her return to her native seat, but not without having made frequent visits to Mr. Jameson, whose health was perfectly restored in a few weeks.—Having inquired into his character, and found it excellent, she proposed his residing near her country seat, and taking upon himself the management of her garden and plantations; a proposal, which he accepted with evident delight; and, as Mrs. Montgomery advised her young friend not to take any of her London servants into Yorkshire, Jessy was hired in the capacity of lady's maid.

The greater number of my readers will doubtless feel astonished, that the subject of love has not been mentioned in these memoirs, and be inclined to accuse the heroine of my story of great insensibility of heart.—But the truth is, Louisa had formed her opinion of manly excellence from a standard which had been presented to her observation many years before she visited the metropolis; and she had determined never to resign her liberty but to some being who bore a strong resemblance to it.—The frivolous or dissipated characters, with whom she associated in London, appeared to her like a distinct race of creatures; and she received that homage which was paid either to her personal attractions or fortune, with total indifference.

Upon her return into Yorkshire, where she was greeted with those unsophisticated expressions of satisfaction which flow from an uncorrupted heart, she again beheld this ornament to society, adorned with every elegant accomplishment, and possessing transcendent worth.

Henry Darlington had long felt the power of Louisa's attractions; but, from refined delicacy of feeling, had never attempted to break down that barrier which fortune had placed between them. But, when he beheld her expressive countenance beam with joy at their first interview after her return from London, and felt the gentle pressure of her hand, his resolution of concealing the real state of his heart suddenly vanished; and, in an unguarded moment, he avowed his sentiments.

Louisa's mind was too dignified to sport with the feelings of any human being; and, above those little arts which are considered as allowable to the sex, she candidly acknowledged the preference which her heart had cherished, and her judgement applauded.

"If you can condescend," said she, "to take under your protection a being incapable of guiding herself, I may in tim[illegible] my own good opinio[illegible]ich, alas! I have lost by my folly and inconsideration."—She then, without the slightest palliation or reserve, related every act of imprudence of which she had been guilty while in London—described the contrition of her heart, when she first visited poor Jameson, and the agony of her mind at finding she was unable to discharge the debt she had contracted at cards:—"and now, Henry," she continued, "if your affection is not extinguished by this long catalogue of imperfections, I will place myself under your protection; and, by the future, endeavour to efface the impression of the past."

The delighted Henry clasped the hand which was extended towards him, and poured forth those warm expressions of affection and gratitude which such ingenuousness naturally inspired.—A licence was soon procured; and, with the utmost privacy, the father of this excellent young man united the happy pair.

Had Louisa's mind been cast in a common mould, or had not the principles of a virtuous education been deeply impressed upon it, it would have been, not only infected, but completely poisoned, by the force of example. May her failings act as a warning to the inconsiderate; and, if they err like her, may they as sincerely repent!

Modern Life delineated.

(*Continued from page 399.*)

Several days elapsed, before the welcome tidings came of Edward's arrival in London.—The moment Emma saw the post-boy walk-

ing up the lane, she ran with eager curiosity to learn if there was a letter with the London post-mark on it; and, the moment she received it, she hastily returned to her father, exclaiming, "I am certain this comes from Edw[illegible] Oh! do, Sir, open it; and inform us if my cousin is well."

Mr. Lloyd smiled at her impatience, and, turning to Gertrude, desired she would read it; "for I fear," said he, "Emma will think me too tedious, if she waits while I search for my spectacles."

Gertrude opened the letter, and, with trembling emotion, read—

"My dearest uncle"—

She then paused a moment, to recover herself, and, with a distinct voice, read as follows—

"I have not leisure to give a minute detail of my journey hither. I am convinced, indeed, that my best friends will prefer a minute account of my fellow travellers to a tedious description of bad roads and indifferent accommodation at country inns.

"One of my companions was a venerable Quaker, whose mild physiognomy was a counterpart of Sterne's monk, though his garments, and his manners, were not indicative of the monk's poverty.—In every expression which escaped his lips, there was an independence of heart, mind, and purse; but they were so happily blended together, that it was impossible to offer any incense to him, but the silent and respectful approbation of our own hearts.—When he quitted us at Coventry, he pressed my hand with the utmost cordiality. 'Perhaps,' said he, 'thou and I shall never meet again: but I hope thou wilt not forget either my maxims, or my advice. When thy sword is lifted up to terminate the existence of thy fellow creatures, do not pursue thy hostile intentions further than necessity obliges thee: and, when the battle is over, if thou canst relieve the pangs of a dying enemy, replace thy sword in its scabbard; and let god-like pity supply the place of revenge in thy bosom. Now fare thee well! and remember an old man's advice.'

"I warmly assured him, I never should forget him.—'*I* shall not forget him,' exclaimed a young fellow, who had not favored us with twenty words in ten hours.—I looked earnestly at him—for this short sentence had the power of electricity over my frame.—But his taciturnity returned; and, though I was interested by his countenance, I felt too proud to trouble him with any intrusive or unmeaning questions.—We therefore continued silent, brooding over our own situations in life.—Perhaps I shall acknowledge my weakness, when I add, that bitter regrets at leaving solid comforts for imaginary honors, were the most prevalent in my bosom.—I was glad when the stranger interrupted the painful reverie, by exclaiming, 'We are now at Highgate.'—'I am glad of it,' I replied; 'for it is a tedious journey.'

"The stranger smiled, and looked as though he would have said, 'You have more reason to complain of your companion, than to find fault with the journey.'—I was surprised that he remained silent; for his countenance expressed those "kind courtesies," which excite esteem, and strew over the journey of life ever-blooming flowers. For this world, without social intercourse, may be compared to a blank sheet of paper:—our eyes are pained with looking upon its uninteresting whiteness; but there is not a sentence either capable of increasing our virtuous

energies, or awakening emotions of cheerfulness within our bosoms.

"We arrived in London at an early hour on Thursday morning. The thick mist, which hung over the city, and the wretched creatures passing in a state of intoxication, gave me a most disgusting idea of this populous and celebrated place.—The first objects of my attention and of my pity were two helpless females clothed in the thinnest garments, which were clinging to them with wet and dirt. They were entreating a watchman to allow them a refuge from the storm in his box for a few minutes: but he repulsed them with the most unfeeling cruelty. The mail at that moment fortunately stopped; and I had an opportunity of relieving part of their wants; for I found, though the brute was inaccessible to the pleadings of female distress, he was not inaccessible to bribery.—It is a source of surprise to a reflecting mind, that a few shillings can touch the human heart, while the pleading eye of a miserable deserted female is unavailing. Is humanity then a mere empty sound? At the moment I observed the two females driven from the watch-box door, I concluded it was a term foolishly misapplied, to express our pre-eminence above the brutes that finally perish.

"On Thursday afternoon, I called to pay my respects to Colonel Downson, and was agreeably surprised to find my silent travelling companion with him: for there is something in that young man's noble countenance and intelligent eyes, which has charmed me more than words can express; and, though I was piqued at his unaccountable reserve, I yet enjoy the flattering presentiment, that, before we return to England, we shall become inseparable friends. Colonel Downson introduced him to me as Captain Manville, an officer whom he highly esteemed. We looked as though we had never seen each other before: but, the moment I quitted the house, he followed me, and, as I was turning out of Bedford-square, joined me. 'Pardon the extreme rudeness of my manner,' he exclaimed. 'The truth is, I have always made it an invariable rule never to form any acquaintance in a public coach; for we are too apt to be deceived by the specious appearance of strangers. But I hope you will now accept the hand of Frederic Manville, as a pledge of his future good intentions.'

"I assured him I should derive pleasure from his acquaintance. 'I deserve this coolness,' said he: 'but, as we are to be companions during a long campaign, you will then have an opportunity of forming a judgement of my real character; and something whispers me we shall become united friends.'

"'You have discovered, Sir, that I am not an impostor,' I replied; 'and I fancy I am indebted to the knowledge you have obtained upon this head, for your present kind intentions towards me.'

"'I rejoice from my soul,' said he, 'that it is in my power to vindicate my conduct, and secure your esteem. From our common friend Doctor Wilson, I learned that you were to be my companion in the coach; and from him I likewise learned, that you are to be my companion during our next struggle with our enemies. It therefore was a foolish vanity which kept me silent; for I had a desire to surprise you at Colonel Downson's; and I assure you, solely with this intention, I have taxed our worthy commander with my company three tedious hours. I dare say he wished

me forty times at the devil, or in Egypt; for thither I fancy we are bound; and there, I trust, we shall not forget the words of the venerable Quaker.—As I before observed, my silence was not intended as a personal insult: for I have always considered the travellers I have met with in a stage coach, as people I ought to be civil to: but I wished neither to learn their affairs, nor lay myself open to their prying curiosity.'

"'Exclusive of curiosity,' said I, 'there are a thousand subjects to engross the attention, and interest the feelings, of individuals who have met by chance in a stage coach: and we act upon a very selfish principle, if we decline those pleasing attentions which rub off the rust of life, and excite in the breasts of others a favorable opinion of our dispositions. I think, indeed, it is as requisite to endeavour to please casual strangers, as to exert our abilities to charm those with whom we are in habits of social intercourse: for our friends judge from minute actions, but strangers from general politeness; and we may, through our inattention to the common rules of kindness and civility, leave a painful impression upon the mind of a stranger, which can never be erased.'

"'I allow your sentiments are just,' said Captain Manville; 'and, in future, neither vanity, nor any selfish principle, shall deter me from attending to the courtesies of human life.'

"We embark to-morrow for foreign service; and, as the place of our destination is unknown to us, it is impossible to point out the means of receiving intelligence from the friends I so dearly love. But change of climate, or the darkest scenes of woe, shall never wrest them from my heart; and the exalted principles, which you, my best friend, have implanted there, will prove a faithful echo, when the brazen voice of war rouses our spirits to deeds of martial enterprise. Though the glowing sentiment pervades my bosom, of returning to my native land crowned with the victorious wreath, yet I am well aware that I am not invincible to an enemy's powerful arm: and, if it be my fate to yield up my breath in the field of battle, I shall only lament that my eyes cannot close upon the objects I so fondly love: for their presence would rob death of all its gloomy terrors.

"Adieu, my invaluable friend! I leave this tumultuous city without a sigh; for ten thousand times more interesting to my feelings are the beloved mountains which shelter the happy mansion of my uncle.—Excuse this weakness, my dear Sir:—though, in the cause of glory, I feel I have a manly spirit, yet the remembrance of the home I have left, suffuses my eyes with weak and womanly tears. I find, when it is too late to recede, that I have sacrificed every worthy passion for the dazzling meteor, glory: but, as my ardent spirit has led me to the important trial, I will not disgrace the profession in which my father gloried, but, like him, either bravely conquer, or nobly die."

"My brother's spirit breathes through every line of Edward's letter," said Mr. Lloyd: "and I am now fully assured, that the invincible power of virtue will shield his heart from every vicious passion."

"How delighted I am," said Gertrude, "with his kind consideration for the unhappy females! What misery was theirs—exposed to the severity of the weather, and the unfeeling rebuffs of a surly watchman!"—"But how much are those

passions to be deplored," added Mr. Lloyd, "which degrade mankind, and lead so many lovely females from the path of virtue to the miseries attending a life of infamy! If the seducer, my child, could follow the unhappy victim through her midnight rambles, what horrors would invade his heart, when he beheld her shivering amidst the bitter blasts of winter—exposed to the insults of the most unfeeling and abandoned nocturnal revellers—or in the wretched hovel of a publican, eagerly swallowing the nauseous draught, to drown the most bitter reflexions—and then crawling to her miserable chamber, there to lose in sleep a few hours of her wretched existence!"

"But I have heard you say, my dear father, that the miseries of most of the unhappy females in London originate in their own improper passions; and that a heart truly virtuous will resist every temptation which may endanger its happiness here, and in the other world."

"It is the force of pernicious example that corrupts the morals of the weaker part of your sex; and the present system of female education leads thousands to infamy.—If they were permitted to continue in the humble station allotted to them by an all-wise Providence, they might be an honor to society; and their hearts would prove pure and unsullied as our mountain snow. But the misguided zeal or ambition of weak illiterate parents is the fatal cause of the success of a seducer. They instil into their children's minds improper ideas of worldly grandeur; and, instead of checking the growth of ambitious ideas, their false indulgence increases their progress. Even those who have not the least pretensions to any thing above the most humble sphere in life, are sent to a boarding-school, to acquire the accomplishments suitable only for those who move in the highest circles; and, when they return home, they despise the ignorance of their parents; and the occupations, which contribute to their support, they consider as too mean and degrading for themselves to attend to.—If they are bereft of this support by the death of their parents, they cannot reconcile their minds to honest but humble employments; and the consequence is, that their idleness and vacuity of mind opens a wide door for their destruction.—But there are others, who, by stratagems and deceitful protestations of regard, are ensnared, and become entangled in a passion which destroys their peace of mind; and when, by penitence and filial affection, they would endeavour to atone for their errors, the incensed parent drives them as outcasts from their native home; and this unfeeling rigor exposes them to every evil which can embitter a deviation from virtue."

"How thankful do I feel," said Gertrude, "that Emma and I are strangers to these dreadful evils! While we are blessed with your protecting care, we have not any thing to apprehend, either from our own weakness, or the vice of others."

"And, if I were taken from you, my love, I hope the firmness of your principles would preserve you from any deviation: for virtue is but a name, if it requires the incessant watching of a parent's eye; and my precepts are no more than a tale of other times, if you do not treasure them up in your hearts.—There is one thing, my love, which I must observe—that prudence is one of the most essential virtues in human life:—I mean, that prudence, which directs the choice of associates, inti-

mates, and friends. The gay and the volatile consider this important virtue as a rigid and gloomy preventive of all refined enjoyments; they therefore explode it, as an enemy to social pleasure: but it is the superficial refinement of fashion that gives a sanction to universal intercourse with the dissipated, the affected, and the irreligious.—A reflecting and uncorrupted mind will not blindly concur with the opinions of the world, if those opinions be not subordinate to virtue: and, in the choice of friends, it will attend more to the moral character, than to the ideal value stamped upon it by the breath of fashion.—I hope, Gertrude, you never will have splendid apartments to fill with idle visitors, or gaming tables to adorn with automatons. Even in the retired walks of life, it is of the highest importance to attend to the characters of those with whom you form an acquaintance: and, as I have remarked, prudence is the first point to observe; for, when we have established an intimacy with any individuals, we cannot with propriety avoid an intercourse with them. In high life, it is possible to receive people at your own table as your esteemed friends; and, if you meet with them the following day at another person's house, you may remember them by an affected move of the head, or a 'How do you do?' but at the same time you may decline all knowledge of them, if a greater person at that moment engrosses your attention. These unnatural manners would be exposed to ridicule and contempt with the simple individuals in whose intercourse the language of the heart, and that of the lips, are in unison, and whose kindness is not the offspring of caprice, but the legitimate production of a regular unbiassed judgement, and a sincere upright heart.—Believe me, my children, I rest secure in your virtues, if the bounteous giver of all good continues to you the fair grace of modesty, and firmness of character. These are the loveliest companions of youth: they defy the vicissitudes of fortune, and sustain the spirits amidst the chilling blasts of disappointment."

"Disappointment!" said Emma—"That word contains a catalogue of misery. I often wish it were erased from our language."

"And, if it were erased, my child, you would find a substitute for the expression: for imaginary evils spread their promiscuous branches over every path. They likewise sour the temper, and threaten destruction to every enjoyment in life. But why do you object to this word? or what disappointments have you to complain of?"

"I am displeased with my cousin Edward, Sir—and mortified, that he has not mentioned either my sister or me in his letter."

"Undoubtedly, this is a serious source of disappointment!" said Mr. Lloyd, smiling. "But I hope, my love, it will teach you discretion: for you must not expect the sentiments of others to accord exactly with your own: neither must you depend upon any individual for your own happiness; for immoderate expectation conveys an idea of selfishness, and is, in fact, its own tormenter. Experience will convince you, that every person in this world has his own plans to pursue, and has neither time nor inclination to regard the enthusiastic attentions which the weak and the indolent require. I think Edward has remembered his friends in the most amiable and endearing manner. The conclusion of his letter contains a strong proof of his brotherly love: and, though he does not expressly mention your name, his language indicates the in-

terest he takes in your happiness. Professions of regard flow with fluency from the pen: but, unless the real feelings of the heart accord with the language of the writer, I consider the beauty or fervor of the expressions as a disgusting proof of abilities to please, without sincerity to ennoble the expressions."

"Do you know, Sir," said Gertrude, "any thing of Captain Manville's family?"

I know, my love, that his father is a respectable gentleman in the neighbourhood of Bangor: and Doctor Wilson says he is one of the most useful members of society in this county. His time is chiefly devoted to the improvement of the barren wastes which are spread over our land; and the growing plenty, which gladdens the heart of the husbandman, gives to his bosom the purest delight; for, by his incessant care, rich crops of corn are dispersed over once-desolate mountains. Propitious heaven seems to smile upon his exertions: for, where there was scarcely herbage for a few miserable sheep, there now is ample employment and provision for the laboring poor. In domestic life, he is universally beloved:—his house is the seat of Welch hospitality; and the purse of its master never is closed against the humble solicitations of indigence or distressed merit. To close his character with Doctor Wilson's words, he is an amiable example of conjugal and paternal excellence: he is a judicious and kind neighbour; and, as a virtuous citizen of the world, he is unrivalled. I therefore rejoice that Edward has formed an acquaintance with the son of so respectable a man; and we must now wait patiently the result of his first effort to grasp that empty phantom, called by the hackneyed name of *glory*.—Emma objects to the word *disappointment*: but I object more warmly to this. The hope of gaining it deprived me, in youth, of a worthy parent—and, in manhood, of a virtuous, affectionate brother. Whenever I read a paper containing an account of any splendid victory obtained over our enemies, I shrink with dismay at the recollection of what I suffered, when I perused, in the list of the wounded and slain, the name of my brother. But the agony of my mind was faint indeed, compared with that of his lovely wife. The mournful sound of death gave convulsive throes to her bosom; and a very few days terminated her existence."

(*To be continued.*)

Solitary Musings *in a* Country Church.

By Mr. Webb, *Author of "Haverhill," and other Poems.*

(*Continued from page* 401.)

Passing through a country churchyard, and seeing the doors of the sacred edifice standing open, I felt disposed to enjoy the solemn pleasure of musing in solitary silence amid the ruins of mortality. As I entered the consecrated dome, struck with the solemnity of the scenery around, I was led to exclaim, "Oh! for the piety of a Hervey, for the genius of a Young, that I may range with pious awe these hallowed aisles, indulge in serious meditation, and learn

> "That heav'n-taught lesson, that celestial art,
> To gather blessings in these scenes of death." *Mrs. Steel.*

The first memento that caught my eye, was a long flat stone, which informed me that a useful and ornamental member of society, a professor of the healing art, reposed beneath. He was a man of extensive learning, of great critical acu-

men, and well versed in the science of medicine: but, when disease assailed his frame, and death approached his couch, how unavailing were his scientific attainments and experimental acquirements! Is it a sport of imagination? or did the grim phantom, while he delivered the awful summons, and poised his unerring dart, thus address the devoted victim? "Thou son of Æsculapius! where are now thy potent drugs, thy celebrated recipes, the sovereign antidotes with which thy puny arm has often attempted to arrest my fatal shaft? Where are all thy boasted prescriptions, thy far-famed nostrums, thy universal remedies, aided by which thou didst feebly essay to rob me of my destined prize, and disappoint the expecting tomb of its rightful tenant?—Physician! heal thyself!"

It appears that the former part of the life of this medical gentleman was embittered by a family dispute. An only brother, who wore the garb of sanctity, and was furnished with the credentials of a preacher of the Gospel of peace, instead of holding out the olive-branch of reconciliation, lighted the torch of dissension, and fanned the flame of discord. But now, in this dark land, where all thiogs are forgotten,

Hush'd are their noisy feuds. Pacific Death
Silenc'd their brawls, and still'd their angry breath.
In his calm realms, domestic clamors cease;
And not a whisper wounds the ear of peace.
How vain to cherish hatred in the breast!
That rankling fiend will rob the mind of rest;
Will each sweet bud of happiness destroy,
And dash with bitters ev'ry draught of joy.
Author's manuscript Poem.

As I pursued my instructive research, a similar memorial invited my examination, which covered the remains of a reputable tradesman, who, by a fall from his horse, as he was returning home from a journey, was precipitated from the anxious scenes of life, into the world of spirits.—The stroke was instantaneous: a loving wife was in a moment deprived of an affectionate husband,—and a race of rosy prattlers, of a tender father. What an awful transition, from the hurry of business, the cares and comforts of the nuptial state, to a region where vicissitude is unknown! Perhaps, at that momentous period, he was anticipating the happy hour that would restore him to the bosom of his family, to the fond endearments of his faithful mate, and the engaging caresses of his children. Such a tale of woe is calculated to call forth some of the best feelings of human nature, to suffuse with tears the proud eye that scorns to weep, and to fill with soft emotions the heart that seldom palpitates. O'er this tomb the sculptor's art might have placed a group of weeping cherubs; and chiseled angels might have sighed, or seemed to sigh, in marble. Alas! how frail the tenure by which we hold our vital breath! Numerous casualties stand ready to push us off the stage of existence, and consign us to the "house appointed for all living."

"Fell dæmons sit on ev'ry passing cloud,
And shout across the scene ten thousand arrows
Headed with death." *Dr. Watts.*

Within a few yards, under a small marble, sleeps in a clay-cold bed, till waked by the trump of God, the mortal part of a respectable farmer, whose mild temper and amiable demeanour endeared him to the contracted circle of his friends; and the heart of the cottager was often dilated with joy, as he partook of his bounty. Oft his benevolence softened the terrors of winter's icy period; and the child

of want, and victim of disease, invoked the best of blessings upon their generous benefactor's head. What an infinitely superior character this, to that of the ambitious hero, whose career is marked by death and desolation—whose trophies are tinged with gore, and drenched with the tears of frantic widows and plaintive orphans!—What, though his unnoticed name never decorated the proud page of history, nor was wafted to distant lands by Fame's loud clarion? Yet, if he was a sincere Christian—and I have reason to think he was—at life's last scene, what mild glories beamed around his brow! compared to which, as Cowper says,

"The laurels, that a Cæsar reaps, are weeds."

After I had quitted this tomb, I retired from the sacred roof, forsook the cheerless domains of the dead, for the busy haunts of the living, and sought the happy spot where social friends,

"And dear relations, mingle into bliss."

(To be continued.)

The Brothers; *a Moral Tale.*

(Continued from page 416.)

Chap. 17.

Thy fatal shafts unerring move:
I bow before thine altar, Love!
I feel thy soft resistless flame
Glide swift through all my vital frame;

For, while I gaze, my bosom glows:
My blood in tides impetuous flows:
Hope, fear, and joy, alternate roll;
And floods of transport whelm my soul!

My fault'ring tongue attempts in vain
In soothing murmurs to complain;
My tongue some secret magic ties;
My murmurs sink in broken sighs!

Smollet.

Julia was unfeignedly solicitous to return home immediately: but Mrs. Egerton so strenuously insisted this should not be done precepitately, that the better judgement of her niece was forced to compromise, by writing to Sir William, that a gentleman, who arrived at Woodfield two days before, had been taken so dangerously ill, that his removal was impossible; and that, at such a period, as she was aware, any addition of family in her aunt's limited establishment must be particularly inconvenient, she requested the carriage might be sent for her, as soon as circumstances would permit.

"Enough, and indeed too much," exclaimed Mrs. Egerton, as she read this request.—"'Tis indeed hard, that your happiness should be sacrificed at the shrine of cold systematic rules. You would return, to be upbraided with caprice, in addition the other reproaches of your unfeeling mother. Poor Richmond will suffer the bitterest anguish, whenever you depart: and, were you to do it more suddenly, so as to give him room to suppose it the effect of resentment for his interference, or for disclosing his attachment, I would not answer for his life or his reason."

"His own good sense," resumed Julia, "will immediately convince him of the impropriety of our remaining together after what has passed. I should indeed grieve, that he took my departure in any other light; and, if its postponement can alleviate one pang to him who occasions it, I shall indeed be thankful that it is delayed."

Julia so well knew the romantic bias of Mrs. Egerton, that, above every other person, she dreaded the cherished secret of her heart being betrayed to her; for she was aware, that, instead of assisting her to stem the force of an ill-placed attachment, her arguments would all tend to weaken the barriers that opposed its indulgence.

While thus sensible of her dan-

ger, Miss Monson received with sincere concern a reply from her father, enjoining, in the strongest terms, her continuance with Mrs. Egerton, as the youngest of the children was attacked by the scarlet fever; and he added—

"The convenience of your aunt's household she will not, I am sure, suffer to stand in competition with the safety of my Julia, or the peace of my mind, already too severely agonised by the danger of my youngest darling; though, from the widow of our late worthy curate having taken charge of the nursery, and the rest of its dear little tenants being dispersed, my apprehensions are now somewhat abated. —Yet move not from where you are, I charge you, my beloved girl. By coming here, you would increase, instead of diminishing, my anxiety: and, in the retirement of Woodfield, I feel more assured of your safety, than I should be, were you at present in any other place, where, by seeing a greater variety of people, you might be more exposed to the contagion of a disease which I have already had such reason to dread."

In this idea of a preferable security at Woodfield, Julia could not help thinking there was more timidity respecting illness, than could have been expected from a man of her father's cool dispassionate judgement. But she had yet to learn, that, of all passions, parental anxiety is the strongest, the most susceptible of alarm, and the most ready to magnify an apprehended evil.

Miss Monson, however, had no alternative but submission—and thus, to avoid a *possible*, remained in a *certain*, danger. Richmond was now able occasionally to join their society: and what female heart, fraught with all the milder virtues of compassion and benevolence, could resist those silent yet pathetic appeals, made to it by the woe-worn countenance and emaciated figure of a man who had acknowledged her as the arbitress of his destiny?

In vain were all her prudent resolutions to avoid his society:—a thousand unexpected chances seemed to throw them perpetually together; for, from the first hour of his being able to quit his apartment, he watched, with the most indefatigable assiduity, to seise, or even frame, pretences to taste the only indulgence which his fate allowed him to hope for.

It has already been shown that he was not a man in the habit of exercising much self-denial; and, in the single instance of not pursuing, in Julia's presence, the subject nearest to his heart, he evinced a greater degree of forbearance, than he had ever before practised. He felt her society conducive to his recovery, in the sweet tranquillity it diffused over his mind; and he therefore yielded to all the sophistry of love, to justify an enjoyment, which, he knew, could not be of much longer duration. With him, the present moment was every thing: for, while returning health convinced him of the impropriety of prolonging his visit at Woodfield, notwithstanding Mrs. Egerton's kind assurances to the contrary, he already, whenever he was alone, meditated, with a species of distress which almost drove him to desperation, upon the misery of his future prospects. On nothing, however, could he decide: his last hundred was entered upon; and he hourly grew more sensible, that the fatal day, however it might be deferred, could not much longer be avoided.

While in this fluctuating and unhappy state, it struck him, that,

through a nobleman—then in Germany on a diplomatic mission, which was soon expected to terminate—he might attain some situation, in which his abilities might prove advantageous to himself, and even serviceable to his country.

That nobleman, Lord Dellington, he had known at the time when he was the undoubted heir of Lord Saint-Villiers—the intended husband of Lady Rossford—the leader of every frolic—and the careless possessor of such advantages as he had never till now fully appreciated. At that happy period, his lordship, though then a very young man, had a public employment in Ireland, which carried him thither; and he was the only relation by his mother's side whom Frederic had ever known. By the advantages of entail, he possessed the estates which had originally belonged to her family; and, from these accidental circumstances of connexion, the two young men were a good deal together: and, though of different dispositions, there was a parity of style and situation which united them.

From this gentleman, Richmond supposed, that, if his condition were properly disclosed, he would receive assistance: for, though he had once spurned at the idea of asking favors, his thoughts had undergone a total revolution. He knew that Lord Dellington had the highest value for the good opinion of the world, and feared not his hazarding it by refusing to assist a relative, whose case, he believed, should he ever think proper to reveal it, would call forth that sympathy and assistance which, if sought for at a proper time, might long ere now have placed him in a station that would have entitled him to the only object of his hopes—the lovely Julia.

Bitter indeed were his regrets for the time he had wasted, and the connexions he had neglected: his haughty disdain, his youthful impatience, now brought their own punishment. Still, however, it might not be too late to retrieve these advantages; and he had scarcely conned over the project, when, with the sanguine temper that ever hurried him forward, he anticipated the honors, the fortune, he might offer to Miss Monson. His whole soul dilated at the prospect; and he seemed to tread on air, as he entered the room where she was sitting.

Her attitude was that of reflexion. One hand, supporting her head, displayed the most beautiful arm in the world; and the other held a letter, which she seemed attentively perusing. She did not perceive his entrance:—he stood gazing at her, till a starting tear, which at length fell upon the paper, seemed to strike to his heart, and he implored her to say what occasioned her emotion.

Thus taken by surprise, the prudence of Julia for a moment deserted her; and, in a tone which at once betrayed her feelings, she exclaimed, "I am summoned from Woodfield directly:—my mother comes for me this afternoon."

"My God!" returned Richmond, with an air which showed how deeply his feelings were affected—"I stay not an hour after you:"—and then, with an energy almost impossible to resist, he forced from her an avowal of that regard, which, not a minute before, she imagined that no power on earth could have induced her to reveal.

Recollection, however, soon damped the bliss which such a confession brought with it: and those innate sentiments of honor, now called forth

by the occasion, led Frederic on to say; "I am not what I seem, but the victim of a father's crimes: yet I will not, till fortune smile on my endeavours to deserve you, explain my situation. Know only, that my birth, in the estimation of the world, however subsequently it may have been obscured, was superior to your own; and the attachment I have owned discredits not that delicacy of sentiment, which would ever prevent your making an unworthy choice. I can lay my hand on my heart, and say with truth, that my misfortunes have been greater than my errors: but, from the instant when you deign to take an interest in my fate, they shall both be eclipsed by my efforts to render myself worthy of you. Believe me, my Julia, to deserve you shall be the master spring of all my actions: and, one day perhaps, you may proudly present me to the world, as a creature restored by your affection from an unsettled, unprofitable existence. Soothed by such animating hopes, no exertion shall be left unessayed, and no perseverance wanting, to render me what I ought to be, before your approbation is avowed. Till such time," continued he, proudly, "I seek not to fetter you with engagements. Bless me once more, my ever adored Miss Monson, with a confession of your love; and be assured, though it binds *me* irrevocably—*you* are free."

He then again addressed her, with that sort of soothing discourse, which soon obtained a confirmation of the avowal he sought.—Nay, at that moment, so unlimited was his ascendency, that he might probably have secured a promise of her hand:—but, with his love, his reformation began; his own happiness became secondary to the consideration of Julia's; and he felt that at present *hers* could not be promoted by any connexion between them.

When Mrs. Egerton joined them, Frederic, who was perfectly aware of the romantic enthusiasm of her disposition, informed her of all that had passed; received her warmest applauses, and secured, in her, an inalienable friend and zealous advocate.

"Yet one request, my dear madam," added he, "I have waited your presence to urge.—May I not, thus circumstanced, implore Miss Monson's correspondence? May I not keep alive an interest in her heart, by communicating the improvement in my prospects; and may I not, as some little consolation under a dreary separation, ask to hear from one who constitutes my only hope?"

A few moments' reflexion, while relieved from the urgency of his address, had shown to Julia that her concessions had already exceeded the bounds of prudence; and she replied with firmness, "No, Mr. Richmond! I will not carry on a clandestine correspondence. I already feel that I have gone too far; and, till the time arrive when you think proper to make your pretensions known to my family, all intercourse between you and me must cease. Were it possible, I should wish even this last conference to be forgotten; but, as it has passed, rest assured of my earnest good wishes, my warmest gratitude—and, need I add, my anxious hopes for those ameliorations in your prospects which you so deservedly expect."

At this moment, the sound of carriage-wheels announced Lady Monson's arrival; and, seising her hand, he exclaimed, "Julia! I cannot see you depart! Dearest,

loveliest of human beings! farewell!—May your happiness, however you receive it, be pure as your deserts, and complete as my fondest hopes would have it! May Heaven, in its choicest mode, reward your virtues!"—So saying, he quitted the room; and, almost before Julia could regain her accustomed serenity, her mother, handed in by Sir Bettesworth Harrop, entered it.

(*To be continued.*)

The Dutch Patriots *of the Sixteenth Century.*

(*Continued from page* 413.)

Delighted to hear from the mouths of these islanders the energetic accents of manly courage, William and his train clasp the hands of these generous sons of freedom, and are proud to bestow on them the appellation of allies and friends. At the sight of these victims to the sanguinary oppression under which a whole hemisphere is made to groan, they glow with increased ardor to meet the Spaniards in the field, and avenge the blood of murdered millions on those savage destroyers of the human race.

Meanwhile a stately vessel majestically approaches the shore. William admires its size and construction, and suspects that such a present must no doubt proceed from some power more than human. Nor is he mistaken. Irthur, impatient to fly to the defence of his native land, had, with the assistance of his young fellow-citizens who were determined to accompany him, constructed that ship in a secret recess between the jutting rocks: but Ocanor in person presided over the work: 'tis Ocanor who sends, 'tis Ocanor who conducts it. Never was such a vessel seen to sail from any port: in contemplating its size and beauty, the beholder might well suppose it to be the car itself on which the sovereign of the deep rides o'er the subject waves: the towering mast aspires to the clouds: the prow displays a frowning lion, whose flaming breath disperses the foamy billows, while his shaggy breast forces a passage through the yielding main.

William was rushing toward the ship, when he suddenly descried Irthur advancing at the head of a numerous body of the islanders, all clad in armour. "Those valiant strangers," said the youth, "are the allies of the Batavians: but we are their brethren, and ready to fly with you to the assistance of our mother country."

Irthur was nevertheless affected by an inward grief, which he silently labored to subdue.—William cast on him a look of approbation and delight—"Enter," said he, "on board this vessel which your labors have constructed, and which affords pregnant proof of the sentiments you have now expressed. Accompanied by these dauntless Americans, by the son of Aldamene whose virtues have blessed this isle with more than human happiness, and by these generous Batavians who are ready to assist their brethren in the support of liberty, with whose charms they are acquainted—I return thanks to the tempest which drove me on your shores."

Meantime Aldamene approaches. "My son!" said he, embracing Irthur, "when I contemplate these warriors, when I behold that ship which is soon to traverse the ocean, I can hardly forbear yielding to the transport which animates my soul, and going to participate in your glory and your perils. . . . . But, at the mention of that impulse, I see grief darken the countenances of those whom I here call my chil-

dren—who call me their sire—and to whom it is necessary I should for some little time longer afford consolation and support. I have already run my mortal race: do you, my son, combat in my stead: yourself first formed the wish; and, at this moment, your father, in his own name and that of the inhabitants of this isle, confirms it by his command. Depart in that vessel, which you constructed before the arrival of these heroes, in whose steps you wished to tread. Animated by their presence, guided by their skill, go, visit those regions where I first breathed the vital air, on the banks of the Amstel, which I shall never more behold—where, yet in early youth, I invoked the goddess Liberty—where oft my glowing imagination pictured to me an obscure village rising, under the smiles of her favor, into an extensive city, and opening its port to the universe. Go, prove to our fellow-citizens, that distance vanishes before the man whose bosom glows with genuine love of his country. Hesitate not, Irthur: to your country you owe the greatest of sacrifices. At a distance from the tender and virtuous Idalyra, whom the hand of Hymen shall one day restore to your arms, let your valour be displayed with equal energy, as if I stood by your side, and encouraged you by my exhortations: you this day hear my voice perhaps for the last time:—pay due honor to my ashes.

"Nevertheless, if the almighty disposer of events, who at this moment deprives me of the only support of my declining age, should prolong my existence till the day when you should return to close my eyes with your victorious band—to announce to me the emancipation of my country—to receive from me, as the most pleasing reward of your exploits, that virgin to whom I shall in your absence be as a father—O my son! I should be exempted from tasting the bitterness of death:—the excess of my joy would rend the feeble thread of my life."

Clasped in the embraces of the aged sire, Irthur imprinted filial kisses on his hoary locks. "O my father!" said he, "your voice shall ever resound in my ears, your image ever be present to my eyes:—I will be the ornament of your old age.—Ye celestial powers! grant me to deposit in his hands my victorious sword, and to press him once more to my bosom, at this moment so cruelly torn!—To you, my friends who remain behind, I confide the precious deposit. There is another, dear likewise to my heart.... that also I intrust to your care."

He had not yet ceased, when Idalyra, conducted by her companion nymphs, approaches the strand, pale and almost inanimate. Her tears fall in warm streams on her snowy bosom, and on the flowery wreath which she bears in her trembling hand.

"Irthur!" says she, "I cannot blame your departure; your own valour, and the valour of these heroes, irresistibly hurries you away: but why deceive your fond Idalyra? why may not your promised bride be allowed to accompany you? You think me weak and timid?—Ah! you are little acquainted with either love or patriotism, if you do not yet know what sublime courage they are capable of inspiring. Animated, equally with you, by the sight of these warriors, I feel the additional influence of love—that love, which you, ungrateful man, despise. This hand, which has lately culled these flowers to trace our names in fragrant wreaths, would have dared to

gird on your sword; and, a partner in your dangers, I would have braved death by your side..... Ye waves! receive these names, united in luckless hour: wafted on the surface of the deep, may they long accompany the ship which bears away my faithless lover, and reproach him with his infidelity, when my voice can no more reach his ears!"

She said, and, casting the garlands into the sea, uttered a doleful shriek—tottered—and fell motionless on the sand.

The warrior, unable to tear himself from the spot, stands riveted by her side. "Tender Idalyra!" said he, "accompany your future bridegroom: my fate shall be yours."

Like a rainbow feebly tinted in a pale cloud, joy smiles on the countenance of Idalyra. She casts her eyes on Irthur; and, from the arms of Aldamene who conducts her to those of his son, she springs with her lover into the ship, amid the loud acclamations of the warrior train and the inhabitants of the island, all equally affected by the interesting scene.

Aldamene, his cheek bedewed with tears, presents his son and his daughter to William, who promises to be as a father to them, and assures the hoary sire that he will long with grateful pleasure recollect his virtues, his conversation, and the fraternal hospitality which himself and his followers had experienced in the Batavian isle. He attempts to console the venerable senior: but, tenderly affected by their separation, he recollects at this moment that he is himself a parent—a still more hapless parent than Aldamene. He embraces him in eloquent silence: he embarks with his whole train: the vessel furrows the waves; and the shore, bedewed with affectionate tears, resounds with mournful cries and ardent prayers.

Meanwhile the warriors, whom the tempest had separated from their chief and their companions, were overwhelmed with sorrow. Day after day elapsed; and their ships, as if destitute of pilot and rudder, wandered at random o'er the deep. Douza, Saunoi, Boisot, Barneveldt, the intrepid Lumey—with the Batavians who are under their command, and whose courage no disasters can shake—unable any longer to endure a state of inaction, again steer their course toward their country's shores.

"I hope," said Lumey, "that the vessel which the rage of the storm has torn from us, will speedily rejoin our fleet: but, if our chief, if so many of our gallant associates, lie buried in the waves, their shades hover round our heads, and anxiously watch our motions. Let us pursue to ultimate success the arduous enterprise which we had commenced in conjunction with them: or, if we also are destined to perish in the attempt, let us, more fortunate than they, display our courage in defence of our country, before we follow them to the regions of death. Shall we waste our precious moments—tear asunder with our hand the veil of secrecy which covers our designs—and chill the zeal of those who eagerly look out for us, as their expected deliverers? While the raging winds bellowed in our sails, Nassau with undaunted spirit said to me—'Should we be separated by the tempest, do you, as soon as the angry sea is appeased, haste to gain possession of Vorn.'—Scarcely had he conveyed to me these words, when his vessel disappeared.—Let us obey his directions; and, immediately on our emersion from the perils of the storm, at the very moment when

our enemies shall think our fleet engulfed in the bosom of the deep —let the acquisition of that important fortress afford to the Batavian a sure pledge of his liberty. Let me have the honor of conducting this enterprise: let our chief, on his arrival, find his orders already executed, and pass from the dangers of the tempestuous ocean to that safe port acquired by our valour."

(To be continued.)

The HIGHLAND HERMITAGE.

(Continued from page 420.)

Sequel of Mrs. D'Anville's History.

"THUS passed the happiest days of my life, till an envious cloud intervened, to darken my bright prospects.—Methought my Laura grew sad: the bloom, which graced her fair cheek, had lost its vermeil hue: sighs burst from her over-charged bosom: she often shunned me, and would spend many hours in solitude.

"Shocked at this alteration, as I loved her tenderly, I conjured her to tell me the cause of her uneasiness. I was apprehensive for her health: but she assured me that she was perfectly well both in health and spirits, and begged of me, with affectionate earnestness in her manner, if I loved her, not to think that she was unhappy, or ever to mention the subject to her again. I perceived with sorrow that I had lost her confidence: but, as I was fearful, that, if I importuned her with questions, I might alienate her affections entirely from me, I forbore to say any thing more to her, and seemed not to observe her; though I watched every turn of her altered features with anxious attention, in hopes to discover the cause of her secret uneasiness.

"In this manner we passed some time; and Miss Byron, notwithstanding her endeavours, grew more unhappy. Her health visibly declined. I was miserable to see her consumed by a grief which preyed on her spirits, and which she so industriously strove to conceal. After revolving over in my own mind what could possibly occasion her melancholy, the thought struck me, that she had lately seemed particularly to avoid her cousin; and, on his paying me any tender attention, the color would go and come in her cheek; and she appeared very restless and uneasy.—I now observed that she would often look at me with significant earnestness, and that a tear would stand trembling in her eye.

"From these circumstances, I began to think that my friend entertained a warm partiality to her cousin, but that the visible preference which he gave me, made her wish to confine her sentiments to her own bosom. I was soon after confirmed in my opinion. Miss Byron had promised to return with me to Seymour Hall; and, as the time approached, I mentioned it to her, saying, I hoped that the change of scene would prove beneficial both to her health and spirits: but she surprised me, by peremptorily refusing to accompany me.

"I was excessively hurt at her manner, and could not help lamenting the estrangement of her affections from me. This seemed to move her. She burst into tears; and, throwing her arms round my neck, she exclaimed, 'Fanny Seymour! my beloved Fanny Seymour! pity and forgive me! You are as dear to me as ever: but I am not worthy of your friendship. I am lost to myself—lost to every thing around me. Go then, my dear Fanny! I ask but a little time to recover myself:—when I can restore to you your friend, your once

happy Laura, I will fly to you with joy.'

"I earnestly importuned her to banish this distressing reserve, to let me participate in her sorrow; adding, that I should be miserable while she continued so unhappy, and that I could not leave her till I saw her better. But my entreaties had no effect: she would not hear of my prolonging my stay with her; and, to show that she was determined, she told me, that, well as she loved me, she thought she should recover sooner in my absence.—'Leave me then, my dear friend,' continued she. 'Enjoy the happiness that awaits you. You will, you must, be happy,' added she, sighing: 'and, when I can see you as I ought, I will share your happiness with you.'—She then turned her blushing face from me, and quitted the room.

"I now no longer had a doubt that she loved her cousin.—Unhappy attachment! It was the source of all my misery! But for that, my days might have glided on in serene tranquillity and content. The esteem, the calm affection, which I felt for Sir Thomas Byron, would, I am convinced, have made me perfectly happy.—Ah! why did my heart feel more exquisite emotions? Ah! why...... But whither am I wandering?—Forgive me, much-lamented shade of my Laura! I mean not to reflect on thy memory. Were the sad transactions of my life to pass over again, I would act just as I did then.

"Convinced, as I said before, that Miss Byron was strongly attached to her cousin, I sat ruminating a considerable time, how I should proceed. Upon a minute investigation of my own feelings, I found, that, though I highly esteemed Byron, I could more easily give him up than my friend could, and that I should receive much greater pleasure in seeing her united to the man she so tenderly loved, than if I gave Sir Thomas my hand, and saw my dearest friend fall a sacrifice to the delicate refinements of a passion, which I had not yet experienced.

"Determined, with regard to myself, how to act, there appeared innumerable doubts and difficulties in my way, before I could bring this affair to the conclusion I wished. Sir Thomas Byron was not avowedly my lover. I could perceive that he wished to secure an interest in my heart, before he declared his intentions; and I now wished that he would be more explicit, as I was determined to put an end to his expectations with respect to me, and endeavour, in the most delicate manner that I could, to turn his regards toward my friend.

"The day before I quitted Mr. Byron's, Sir Thomas asked my leave to conduct me to Seymour Hall. The pleasure with which I granted his request, gave him infinite satisfaction; and I now hoped that I should soon have it in my power to execute my favorite scheme.—I took leave of Miss Byron with the less reluctance, as I flattered myself that I should be the means of procuring her the happiness she sighed for.

"During the first part of my journey, my companion was visibly embarrassed; and I felt myself in a very aukward situation. After some time, recovering his usual animation, Sir Thomas, in very expressive terms, declared himself my very sincere admirer; and begged, that, if he was not disagreeable to me, I would permit him to make proposals to my father.—As this

was a declaration I had long expected, and as my heart was not interested on its own account, I was calm and collected, and listened to my lover's professions with a composure, which, I believe, surprised him. But that surprise was considerably increased, when, after having returned him thanks for the honor he intended me, I candidly told him that I could not listen to his addresses, as I did not think myself worthy of him, not feeling that return of affection which I thought his merits deserved.

"I might have gone on for an age: Byron seemed not to have it in his power to interrupt me. He was extremely agitated: his countenance was alternately pale and red: he pressed my hand in his, which trembled violently. 'Miss Seymour!' he exclaimed—'dearest Miss Seymour! how cruelly you have distressed me! But I fear it is my vanity that has deceived me. I dared to flatter myself that I was not indifferent to you: for you are too ingenuous, too noble-minded, to trifle with a heart that is fondly attached to you, and which will scorn to persecute you with a passion that is disagreeable to you.'

"I begged of him patiently to listen to me. 'My behaviour to you, Sir Thomas, from the moment I first thought you particular in your attentions to me, was such as my own judgement could not have justified, had I not one palliating circumstance to offer in my own vindication. I thought my heart as partial to you, as you appeared to be to me. But this was all delusion. I have seen the effect of love in the breast of another, which has convinced me that I never felt it in my own. There is a lady, Sir, beautiful in her person, and possessed of a thousand accomplishments, who feels all that refined and delicate love for you, so necessary to make a man of your sensibility happy. How often, Sir Thomas, have you been eloquent on this subject! and how frequently have I heard you declare that you would not marry an empress, if her heart did not accompany her hand!'

"'Still, my charming friend,' replied Byron, 'these are my sentiments: and, dear as you are to me, and fondly as I once indulged the idea of your being mine—yet, if you cannot give me your inestimable heart, I must be contented with your friendship. You will, my beloved Fanny, I flatter myself, accept Byron as your friend.'

"Indeed I will, Sir Thomas. I shall ever esteem you as my dearest and most valuable friend; and, if I can but see you united to the lady I think every way worthy of you, the first wish of my heart will be gratified.'

"Cease, my dearest Miss Seymour! Are you not unmerciful? At a moment when my heart is bleeding with its disappointment, you talk to me of another love! Is the heart that I have offered to you, to be disposed of at pleasure?—Surely, my fair friend has too much susceptibility, to think this possible. The lady—whoever she is—that has so highly honored me, is entitled to my gratitude, to my esteem: but the man who has once loved Miss Seymour, cannot easily reconcile his mind to any other woman.—Believe me, madam—I can now have no hopes from flattery, even were I capable of it.'

"You will force me then, Sir Thomas, to be more explicit? Disagreeable as it is, I must discover the dearest secret of the friend I love, and that friend, too, a most delicate and refined woman. I flat-

ter myself, Sir Thomas, that, when I name the lady, you cannot be insensible to the merits of your cousin, the lovely Laura Byron.'

"Sir Thomas started, and, hastily interrupting me, 'Good God! is it possible? my cousin? my dearest Laura?---It cannot be, Miss Seymour: my cousin was sensible of my attachment to you.—I love her tenderly: but it is with a brother's fondness.—I know her virtues, and think that her good opinion would do honor to the first man in the kingdom.—You are deceived, my amiable Fanny: Laura can think of me in no other light, than as a valued relative.'

"I am not—indeed I am not mistaken, Sir. In any case where you were not yourself concerned, you would have been more clear-sighted. Yet have I often seen you gaze on her faded cheek with tender anxiety, and heard you express your apprehensions concerning her health, while the conscious sufferer has shrunk from your penetrating eye.—My father, my Laura, and you, divide my tenderest regards; and there is hardly any thing I would not do to promote the happiness of either. You, Sir, have it in your power to be exquisitely happy: let not then an over-nice refinement on either side entail misery on two persons who are formed for each other. Miss Byron has great delicacy; and I much fear she would never forgive me, if she knew I had discovered her secret, and ungenerously, as she would think, disclosed it to you. But you will think this matter over: we shall have frequent opportunities to resume the subject, while you are at the Hall.'

"If you wish me, madam,' cried Byron, 'to forget you, and turn my thoughts to another, would it not be madness to stay where you are, to hear your voice, and to have your praises continually vibrating in my ears, from the objects whom your bounty has relieved from misery? This conversation, my sweet friend, has destroyed my dream of happiness: it has awakened me to a sense of what frail, imperfect, dissatisfied beings we are.'

"We now came within sight of Seymour Hall; and a thousand fond ideas crowded on my mind, as I approached the place of my nativity.—My father received me, as usual, with rapturous expressions of fondness, politely welcomed Sir Thomas, and thanked him for having conducted his daughter in safety to his arms.—Byron returned his compliments with the grace peculiar to him, but not with his usual vivacity. My father was in high good humour all the evening, and did his utmost to draw his guest into conversation: but Sir Thomas, in spite of all his endeavours, was absent and dejected the whole evening; and we retired early to our respective apartments.

"In the evening of the following day, Byron begged I would favor him with a short conversation in the garden.—I readily complied with his request.—I perceived that he was melancholy, and strove to enliven him by every attention in my power.

"I am sensible of your kindness, madam,' said he: 'but you have planted a thorn in my bosom, which it will require some time to extract. The first necessary step towards conforming myself to your wishes will be to absent myself from you. I will go, then, to my own house, and endeavour to forget the too amiable Miss Seymour. But how can I possibly offer my vows to my cousin—those vows

which I have so recently offered to her most beloved friend? Will she condescend to smile on a rejected man? for I will not deceive her: Laura shall know that you have refused me. Nor will I offer her my hand, till I am sure that my heart will do justice to her merits. I must quit you to-morrow, my ever amiable Fanny! and will you—oh! will you sometimes think of a man who will ever set the highest value on your friendship?'

"I told him that his present purpose gave me the highest satisfaction, and that my heart exulted in the thought of seeing him and my dearest friend happy; that they would be continually in my thoughts, and that, when I could congratulate my Laura as Lady Byron, the first of my wishes would be accomplished. After discoursing some time on this subject, we joined my father; and, the next morning, Byron took his leave.

"I heard frequently from Miss Byron; and, in all her letters, she assured me that she was perfectly well: but we, neither of us, ever mentioned the name of her cousin.

"Some considerable time thus passed on, when I began to wish to hear from Byron; for he had promised to write to me, when he had any thing to relate which he thought would be agreeable to me. My impatience at length grew to such a height, that I had nearly determined to write to Sir Thomas: but at last I received the long expected pacquet, the contents of which were as follow—

(To be continued.)

The Old Woman.

(*Continued from page* 405.)

No. 10.—*On* Female Celibacy.

That those misfortunes which we bring upon ourselves, deserve censure, rather than commiseration, is a truth which the most liberal-minded will readily allow. Yet that social sympathy, which the God of mercy has kindly implanted in the bosom of the benevolent, involuntarily inspires compassion for the unfortunate, of every description.

With these sentiments implanted in our disposition by that great Being, who, in the day of retribution, will make no distinction between the prince and the beggar—is it not very extraordinary that a certain class of individuals should, without discrimination, be exposed to censure? and though their whole conduct displays a mixture of philanthropy and benevolence, yet, from prejudice and opinion, they are treated with contempt.

The class of individuals I allude to, are unmarried ladies, or, as they are more generally denominated, old maids—a class, which, from the few instances we see of conjugal felicity, I am astonished that we do not find infinitely more numerous.—For all the miseries of life, except those of the married state, we are cheered by the hope of diminution; but, alas! there, the anchor of that sustaining goddess, instead of being formed of adamantine materials, either breaks like glass, or assumes a texture light as gossamer?—Hymeneal infelicity becomes the more insupportable, from those gay visions of unfading happiness which the youthful imagination had formed; and the more severely do we feel the disappointment of our prospects, from their having been drawn by that flattering painter, Hope.

But I find myself digressing from the subject which called forth these remarks; I will therefore recall the wanderings of imagination, and allow my readers to peruse the epistle which produced them.

"To Mrs. Oldham.

"Madam,

"Had you not, in your first essay, invited the correspondence of those who consider themselves aggrieved, or require counsel, I should have thought it necessary to preface this epistle with an apology: but, as you have kindly convinced your numerous readers that no such form is necessary, I shall unceremoniously describe the evil, of which I have so much reason to complain.

"Permit me then to inform you, madam, that, at the age of nineteen, I made my *début* on the theatre of fashion, in the character of a rich heiress.—Without vanity, I may tell you, that my admirers were numerous: but, as I could not divest my mind of the idea of their being attracted by my wealth, I considered all their fine speeches as mere compliments, and received their attentions with raillery, or indifference.

"Fortune enabled me frequently to change situation; and, in the midst of plenty, I sighed for something, which fortune was unable to give: I sighed for a congeniality of soul and sentiment; and at length, madam, I had the happiness of finding it—not accompanied with wealth—not adorned with title—but in the person of Lord B***'s tutor—a young man, whose elevation of soul was displayed in the most trifling action, and whose elegance of manners I will venture to pronounce unequalled.—Lord B***, at the time of my introduction to his all-accomplished tutor, was one of the most troublesome of my admirers; and this circumstance, united to the disparity of our fortunes, prevented the amiable Charles Devereux from disclosing his passion.—Though he evidently avoided my society, yet the motive by which he was influenced could not escape my observation; for, in spite of his endeavours, when we accidentally encountered, his every look and action evinced the ardency of his affection.—Charmed by the delicacy of his conduct, and grateful to Heaven for having placed such a treasure within my reach, I candidly avowed to a female relative of Mr. Devereux the favorable impression he had inspired me with.—An *éclaircissement* was the consequence of this confidential conversation; and I—Oh! madam! I considered myself supremely blest.

"On the day preceding that which was appointed for our nuptials, my beloved Devereux was seised with a shivering-fit—awful presage of the event which too soon followed, and blasted all my hopes of earthly happiness!—I shall not, madam, trespass upon your time by describing the acuteness of my sufferings; but merely say, that, had not the duty of resignation to the will of Providence been strongly impressed upon my mind during childhood, I think my health must have fallen a sacrifice to the severity of my loss.—But, when I reflected upon the many blessings which I still possessed, and beheld myself surrounded by so many of my fellow creatures who were languishing under sickness, or pining under want, I considered, that, at the great day of retribution, I must give an account of my stewardship; and felt persuaded, that the talents, so benevolently bestowed upon me, ought not to be lost.—I therefore visited the sick, relieved the unfortunate, and clothed the naked; and, by thus occupying my mind, I imperceptibly found its dejection diminish, and soon began to enjoy a mixture of tranquillity and peace.

"The consciousness, madam, of

fulfilling those moral duties, which our divine teacher has so forcibly enjoined, gave animation to my spirits, and inspired a general belief that I should readily enter into the marriage-state. This opinion excited hope in the breasts of many, who condemned what they termed the misapplication of my riches; and who kindly wished to aid me in the disposal of them.—All the softer and more refined feelings, however, were entombed with my beloved Devereux:—not for a diadem could I have even thought of giving away my hand to another; and, as my resolution became known, and time diminished my personal attractions, I had the happiness of finding myself unsolicited.

"Yet I scarcely had time to congratulate myself upon no longer being an object worthy of pointed civilities, when the actual reverse of common politeness occurred; and, in the few parties which I frequented, no more attention was paid me, than would have been paid to the animal to which I have often heard myself compared.—When I enter a drawing-room, if any of the party happen to be strangers, I invariably observe a certain number of young people crowd round them; and, in a whisper loud enough to reach my ear, I have frequently heard them ask the question, 'Pray, ma'am, were you ever in company with that delectable young lady, who, I scarcely need tell you, is an old maid?'—On this interesting piece of intelligence, I have invariably heard some illiberal observation, such as, 'Oh! the horrid creature! but I protest the lines of celibacy are indented upon her face!' Another declared, that, if he were prime minister, he would impose a heavy tax upon the whole tribe; while a third kindly suggested that there ought to be a public institution for our reception; as he considered the class to which I belonged, to be as dangerous to society, as it would be to admit a person infected by the plague.

"Contemptible, madam, as I consider those who have made these and similar observations, yet there is something so extremely offensive in rudeness and incivility, that I cannot help feeling a mortifying sensation blended with contempt; and, as you have kindly taken upon yourself to instruct the unenlightened, I wish you would devote an essay to our grievances.

"That marriage is a sacred institution, madam, is certain: but, as there is no positive injunction to enter into that holy state, I have never been able to conceive a reason why celibacy should be either censured or defamed.—That many unmarried ladies waste their affection upon the animal creation, and, by that misplaced partiality, render themselves ridiculous, is a truth, which I do not attempt to controvert: but where shall we find the human being entirely free from error?—It is possible that these very women, who are condemned for their attachment to the four-footed race of creatures, may have been cruelly deceived by the biped kind; and, with affections warm, and hearts formed for attachment, they have directed them into a course, where they were not likely to be deceived.

"Is it not therefore, madam, the greatest proof of illiberality, to cast an odium upon a class of beings, merely because they have not entered into the marriage state? particularly, if they endeavour to fulfill all the moral duties with as much exactitude as the most exemplary of wives?

"In the hope that you will have the goodness to point out the injustice of that censure which is indiscriminately cast upon the sisterhood, I am, madam, your obedient humble servant, ELIZA D***."

The illiberality of attaching contempt to any class of individuals, merely from a few of the number rendering themselves ridiculous, is one of those incomprehensible modes of acting, which appear to set reason and propriety equally at defiance. From Miss D***'s description of her situation, her affections were as much widowed, as if the marriage-ceremony had been performed; and surely she is to be admired for that constancy of attachment, which continues to display an undiminished regard.

An old maid, (if I may be permitted to give her the general appellation) whose frivolous mind is merely intent upon tea-table news, is undoubtedly a useless member of society, and, instead of exciting respect, may naturally expect to produce the reverse.—But allow me to ask the candid and liberal-minded, whether this description of character is necessarily confined to the single state? is it to be supposed that the female, who delights in the retail of small-talk, would have been withheld from her communications merely by being a wife?—Human nature, I will venture to assert, must have displayed its leading feature, either in the married or the unmarried state: and, though I allow, that the wife, who is tenderly attached to the partner whom she has selected, may in some degree subdue her propensities, through a desire to please; still, the husband is not always the companion of his help-mate; and a tattling female will find many opportunities of indulging her propensity, or gratifying her spleen, without exposing herself to the animadversion of a husband, which would check the ebullitions of fluency, as they rise.

I will venture to hope that this picture of human frailty is by no means common, and that it is applicable to a very small portion of my sex; but, as it is the duty of a moralist to point out imperfection, I flatter myself I shall be pardoned.

In a work peculiarly calculated for the perusal of females, it is unnecessary to draw any parallel between the vices and follies of the other sex, and those of my own: but, did I conceive it connected with the object which gave rise to these essays, I should certainly find an extensive field for my pen.

The object of this particular paper has been to convince my readers that celibacy is as honorable as the married state; and that there are many wives less useful in their station, than a benevolent old maid.

(*To be continued.*)

True GREATNESS *of* MIND.

THE dignified continence of Scipio, in the command he obtained over his passions, has afforded a subject to the artist, the dramatist, and the historian; and he doubtless appeared more illustrious when he resigned his fair captive to her lover, than as the conqueror of Syphax and Asdrubal.—In the former act, we trace true elevation of sentiment, combined with disinterested generosity; in the latter, the heroic general ready to sacrifice his life for his country's benefit.—The nobleness of the action justly merited those eulogiums which have been paid to the memory of that dignified young man; and, unless all sense of virtue become annihilated, the name of Scipio will never be mentioned but with admiration.

Instances of this true magnanimity cannot be too forcibly imprinted upon the minds of youth; and, from being rare, they will be likely to make the deeper impression, as what is extraordinary strikes with additional force.—In the account of the Portuguese wars, I reremember reading an instance of true greatness, very similar to that of Scipio: and, as it may prove both entertaining and instructive to some of the readers of the Lady's Magazine, I will relate it, as nearly as I can, in the author's words.

A commander of the Portuguese forces, of the name of De Susa, made captive a beautiful young Indian from the island of Ceylon; and, charmed with the loveliness of her person, made what are termed honorable proposals. The proposals she received with visible emotion; and it was evident that some silent sorrow pressed heavily upon her heart. At length the cause of her inquietude was discovered; for the beautiful Indian was separated from the object of her affections.—The moment her lover was made acquainted with his misfortune, he flew to the lovely captive, and pressed her to his heart.—"As I could not shield you from captivity," said he, bursting into a flood of sorrow, "I am come, my beloved, to share your fate!"—De Susa, who beheld the affecting interview, remained some moments transfixed by the sight; then, joining their hands, he said, "Those who wear the chains of love, should not be shackled by the chains of slavery:—go, and be happy; for you both are free." M****

The Loquacious Visitor, *a real Character.*

"Oh God! Sir! here's a dish I love not. I cannot endure my lady Tongue," said Mordant, hastily rising from his seat.—"What is the matter, brother?" asked Maria—"Lydia has just come up to the door," was his reply, as he attempted to escape by another way. But Lydia was already in the room; and her, "How do you do, Mr. Mordant?" arrested his progress.—It was in vain, that, during her visit, which lasted two hours, he made repeated attempts to depart. Lydia was of the number of those obliging ladies, who not only favor their friends with all they know, and all they think, but with all they do not know, and all they conjecture—an incessant talker—one of those pests of society, whom when we meet with in mixed companies (as it is the fate of us all sometimes to do) we think ourselves sufficiently unfortunate: but woe to those whose evil destiny condemns them to a residence in the same house! To them, indeed, is allowed no season of rest! "From morn till night th' eternal 'larum rings!" and what that is, those who have experienced it, alone can tell.

A long yawn from Mordant, immediately following the departure of Miss Lydia, announced to his sister how tedious had been the conversation of her visitor. Maria smiled—"Patience is so excellent a virtue, my dear Edward," said she, "that perhaps I ought to rejoice at the lesson you have just received; but I confess I pitied you. Lydia was even more than usually talkative today."—"No," replied Mordant: "she is uniformly tiresome and disgusting."—"Disgusting! oh! now, brother, you are too severe! Lydia has many very good qualities."—"Perhaps so; but they lie too deeply hidden for my research, and, indeed, might not repay the trouble of seeking, when discovered; for they are merely such as thousands of

her sex display unconsciously in their whole conduct."—"Lydia has read a great deal," said Maria seriously.—Mordant smiled.—"And books, too," added his sister, "of a description the most improving to the mind."—"I am charitable enough to wish she had profited more by them," said he.—"I do not profess either to love or admire Lydia," answered Maria: "but I think you are too severe in your censures. She has much in her that is praiseworthy; and I regret that she suffers one unlucky propensity to throw a cloud over excellent abilities and great merit."—"We have imperceptibly become very serious," said Mordant, taking the hand of his sister; "and, since we are upon the subject, allow me, my dear Maria, to tell you my opinion of Miss Lydia, and, in her, of all great talkers; among whom, I thank God, I do not number my sister! The actuating principle in all of them is self-love. You start! but rely upon it, however different may be the shades of character, arising from constitution, education, or the accidental circumstance of being born in a particular station, the loquacious propensity, indulged, like Lydia's, to the perpetual annoyance of her friends, is, in them all, an emanation from the same common source. From what other motive than self-love, could she incessantly monopolise all conversation—make herself the sole subject of it—and continually torment every one with her ideas, where her opinion is never asked? And, above all, how could she otherwise invariably take greater delight in hearing herself expatiate upon trifling and ridiculous topics, than in listening to the animated discussions and improving conversation of the most learned men, or the finest strains of harmony that the united efforts of taste and science can produce? Surrounded by friends, whose minds and talents entitle them to the respect and admiration of all who enjoy the happiness of their acquaintance, Lydia alone is ignorant of the advantages offered to her acceptance; and, instead of aiming to extend her ideas and acquire useful information, she is miserable, when compelled by any accident to remain silent for a few minutes. Neither the private remonstrances, nor the more public reproofs which she so frequently provokes from her family, are powerful enough to overcome the contemptible indulgence of a paltry self-love, or teach her a little of that modesty which would suggest to her, that she might sometimes benefit more by attending to others, than she will ever improve them by the most liberal display of her own powers. Lydia *says* she is fond of reading: but did you ever see her keep in her hand the most interesting work, either of science or imagination, when an opportunity offered of gratifying her favorite propensity? Never! I will answer for it.—I need not take much pains to convince you—whose blushes I have so often remarked, when Lydia has been the narratress of some extraordinary event—that a delicate observance of truth is not one of the virtues of a great talker."—"And yet," interrupted Maria, "though I acknowledge your opinion to be not without foundation, I hope she is not quite so bad as you seem to think her; and perhaps we may see her improve. I am told she is going to be married."—"Married!" exclaimed Mordant—"Oh! the unfortunate man who weds her! For which of the seven deadly sins, is he to be tormented with an earthly purgatory? An extravagant wife may bring her

husband to a prison, and an unfaithful one, to Doctors' Commons: but Lydia would lodge him in St. Luke's hospital.—Sweet dame Fortune! let me invoke thee, that, whenever I take unto me a wife for my comfort, she may be contented with a reasonable share in the conversation—may allow me to speak in my turn—and have the modesty to suppose that others can amuse and instruct as well as herself! Let me burn under the equator, or freeze beneath a polar sky—bow down to the monsters of Egyptian worship—or, with the simple aborigines of America, offer sacrifice to the tiger and the serpent! but never, never let me sacrifice my peace and my happiness to a woman whose tongue is not under the dominion of her reason!—I will tell you a story, Maria. An old shopkeeper, who, tired of the cares of business, and sighing for the sweets of rural retirement, quitted the smoke of the city for the dust of Mile-end Road—and the fatigue of selling tape and buttons behind a counter, for the still more insupportable toil of having his time as unoccupied as his mind—this man, I say, driven by a natural impulse, fled from his own irksome vacuity, to the neighbouring public-house, and had but one answer to make to all the inquiries of his friends, as to how he spent his time—'At the Cat and Bagpipes.' Thither he walked for an appetite before breakfast: thither he returned after breakfast, to read the paper: there he smoked his pipe after dinner; and there he played a rubber at sixpenny whist in the evening. So it is with Lydia: morning, noon, and night, she flies to the dear pleasure of hearing herself talk, as the honest citizen repaired to the Cat and Bagpipes."

MARINA.

A RUSSIAN ARCHBISHOP.

(*From Dr. Clarke's Travels.*)

A CURIOUS contrast to the splendor in which we had hitherto beheld Plato, archbishop of Moscow, was offered, during a visit we made to him at the Convent of Nicoll na Perrera, a seminary for young priests, near the city. I had long wished for an opportunity of conversing with this remarkable man. He was preceptor to the Emperor Paul; and is known to the world by his correspondence with Monsieur Dutens. Upon our arrival at the convent, we were told he was then walking in a small garden, the care of which constituted his principal pleasure; and the employment characterised the simplicity and innocence of his life. As we entered the garden, we found him seated on a turf bank, beneath the windows of the refectory, attended by a bishop, an old man his vicar, the abbé of the monastery, and some others of the monks. I could scarcely believe my eyes, when they told me it was Plato; for, though I had often seen him in his archiepiscopal vestments, his rural dress had made such an alteration, that I did not know him. He was habited in a striped silk bed-gown, with a night-cap like the silk nets which hang down the back, as commonly seen on the heads of Italian postillions; and a pair of woollen stockings, with feet of coarse linen, fastened on with twine in an uncouth manner. He was without shoes, but a pair of yellow slippers lay at some distance. By his side, on the bank, was placed his broad-brimmed hat, such as is worn by the shepherdesses of the Alps; and in the hat-band, to complete the resemblance, was stuck a bunch of withered flowers. His white beard, and that mildness and animation of countenance which

distinguished him, gave to his features a most pleasing expression. He desired to know who we were; and being answered, Englishmen, "What!" said he; "all English? I wonder what your countrymen can find sufficiently interesting in Russia, to bring you so far from home; and in such times as these." But having made this observation in French, he looked cautiously around him, and began to ask the monks, severally, whether they understood French. Finding them perfectly ignorant of that language, he bade me sit by him; while, the rest forming a circle, he entertained us with a conversation, in which there was science, wit, and freedom, sufficient to astonish any traveller, in such a country, and at such a period. Memory has scarcely retained even that part of it which concerned the manners of his countrymen.

"Well," said he, "you thought me perhaps a curiosity; and you find me as naturally disposed for observation as you could wish," pointing to his woollen stockings and his strange dress—"an old man bending with years and infirmities." I replied, that I had the honor to see him in his greatest splendor, on the night of the ceremony of the Resurrection, in the cathedral of the Kremlin. "And what did you think of that ceremony?" said he. I answered, that "I considered it as one of the most solemn I had ever witnessed, not excepting even that of the Benediction at Rome;"—"and interesting?" added his Grace. "Very much so," said I: at which he burst into a fit of laughter, holding his sides, and saying, I "had lost a night's rest to attend the ceremony of a religion I did not profess, and called it interesting."

We accompanied him round his garden, admiring the beauty of the situation, and the serenity of the climate. "But do you," said he, "prefer our climate to yours?" I told him, that I had found the Russian climate severe, but the cold weather in winter not attended by so much humidity as in England; that the atmosphere was clear and dry. "Oh yes," said he, "very dry indeed! and it has, in consequence, dried up all our fruit-trees."

Afterwards, he inquired where we were going? and being told to Kuban Tartary, and to Constantinople—"God preserve me!" he exclaimed, "what a journey! but nothing is difficult to Englishmen; they traverse all the regions of the earth. My brother," continued he, "was a traveller, and educated in your country, at Oxford; but I have never been anywhere, except at Petersburg and Moscow. I should have been delighted in travelling, if I had enjoyed the opportunity; for books of travels are my favorite reading. I have lately read," and the significant smile by which the words were accompanied could not be misunderstood, "the Voyage of Lord Macartney."—He laughed, however, at the result of his brother's education. "The English," said he, "taught him to declaim, in their way: he used to preach his fine flourishing sermons to us Russians; very fine sermons! but they were all translated from the English. Some of your divines write beautifully; but with inconceivable freedom. It was once discussed in an English sermon, whether a people had power to dethrone their king."—"Your Grace may say more," said I; "we had once a prelate, who, preaching before his sovereign, felt himself at liberty to discuss his conduct to his face."—"I wish," said he, "we had such a fellow here!"—but, aware of the interpretation which might be put upon his words, and perhaps not daring to end with them, he added, after a pause, "we would send him, to enjoy the full liberty of preaching in the free air of Siberia." He was much amused at a reply he once received from an English clergyman, of the factory at Petersburg, when asked if he intended to marry. "If I am fortunate enough to become a bishop, I shall marry some rich citizen's daughter, and live at my ease*."

He complained much of Dutens, for having published his correspondence, without his permission. He acknowledged having therein endeavoured to prove that the Pope was Antichrist; of which he was fully convinced: but that he much feared the resentment of the court of Rome. We told him, we thought his fears might now subside, as that court was no longer formidable to any one. "Oh!" said he, "you do not know its intrigues and artifices: it is like the ancient Romans; patient in concealing malice; prompt to execute it, when opportunity offers; and always obtaining its point in the end." He then spoke of Voltaire, and his correspondence with the late empress Catharine. "There

* The priests in the Greek church are allowed to marry; but not the bishops.

was nothing," said he, "of which she was so vain, as of that correspondence. I never saw her so gay, and in such high spirits, as when she had to tell me of having received a letter from Voltaire."

MEDLEY.

The Wedding-Night.——Monsieur de Monthion, in his account of the French Ministers of Finance, lately published in London, relates the following curious anecdote of Monsieur de Calonne.—"On his first marriage, he kept his wedding-day at the house of one of his relations. In the evening M. de Calonne had sat down to a party at play. When it became time to retire, many intimations were given him, but without effect. At last he was directly told that it was time to depart. He begged to be indulged with a short delay; which was no sooner past, than he repeated the same request over and over again. At last the mother of the bride insisted on his going home; when he begged her to step into his coach with her daughter, and he would instantly follow her. But he forgot his promise; and at last the family were actually obliged to force him out of the room into the carriage, where he found his bride dissolved in tears at this early exhibition of neglect."

Dyed Beards.——Mr. Merier, in his "Journey through Persia," &c. gives the following curious account of the Persian practice and method of tinging the beard black. The operation, he says, "is always performed in the hot bath, where the hair being well saturated, takes the color better. A thick paste of *Khenna* is first made, which is largely plastered over the beard, and which, after remaining an hour, is all completely washed off, and leaves the hair of a very strong orange color, bordering upon that of brick-dust. After this, as thick a paste is made of the leaf of the indigo (which previously has been pounded to a fine powder), and of this also a deep layer is put upon the beard; but this second process, to be taken well, requires two full hours. During all this operation, the patient lies quietly flat upon his back; whilst the dye (more particularly the indigo, which is a great astringent) contracts the features of his face in a very mournful manner, and causes all the lower part of the visage to smart and burn. When the indigo is at last washed off, the beard is of a very dark bottle-green, and becomes a jet black only when it has met the air for twenty-four hours."—He adds, that they also dye their hands and feet by a similar process.

Henry VIII. and the Monks.—Mr. Britton, in his "Architectural Antiquities," relates, that Sir Henry Colt, one of Henry's courtiers, determined to make some sport for his master, at the expense of the monks of Waltham, who were pretty generally suspected of being on too good terms with the fair recluses in the neighbouring nunnery at Cheshunt. Having learned that some of the former were on a nocturnal expedition to Cheshunt, "he contrived to place a buck stall in the narrowest part of the marsh through which the monks were to pass, leaving it to be managed by his confederates. The monks, hearing a noise of voices, and not choosing to be discovered, put out their lights, and in their haste ran into the net which had been spread for them. The next morning, Sir Henry, not a little delighted with his success, presented them to the king, who, laughing heartily at the joke, said, 'I have often seen sweeter, but never fatter venison.'"

Curious Night Accommodation.—The Rev. John Gottfried Haensel, Missionary from the United Brethren, gives us, in his "Letters on the Nicobar Islands," the following account of the curious manner in which he occasionally passed the night on those distant shores.—"In my frequent excursions along the sea-coast, it sometimes happened that I was benighted, and could not, with convenience, return to our dwelling; but I was never at a loss for a bed. The greater part of the beach consists of a remarkably fine white sand, which, above highwater-mark, is perfectly clean and dry. Into this I dug with ease a hole large enough to contain my body, forming a mound as a pillow for my head; I then lay down, and by collecting the sand over me, buried myself in it up to the neck. My faithful dog always lay across my body, ready to give the alarm, in case of disturbance from any quarter. However, I was under no apprehension from wild animals. Crocodiles and kaymans never haunt the open coast, but keep in creeks and lagoons; and there are no ravenous beasts on the island. The only annoyance I suffered was from the nocturnal perambulations of an immense variety of crabs of all sizes, the grating noise of whose armour would sometimes keep me awake. But they were well watched by my dog; and

if any one ventured to approach, he was sure to be suddenly seised, and thrown to a more respectful distance; or if a crab of more tremendous appearance deterred the dog from exposing his nose to its claws, he would bark and frighten it away; by which, however, I was often more seriously alarmed than the occasion required. Many a comfortable night's rest have I had in these sepulcral dormitories, when the nights were clear and dry."

Capture of Serpents.—The same writer, in another part of his Letters, says—"Far from being afraid of serpents, I went out purposely to discover their haunts, in the jungle or among the rocks, defending my legs with a pair of strong boots; and if I could prevent their slipping off into their holes, and irritate them so as to make them attempt to strike me, my work was done: for a serpent, thus situated, will coil himself up, and instantaneously darting forward his head, strike and bite whatever comes in his way. I then presented my hat, which the animal violently seised with his fangs; when, instantly snatching it away, I seldom failed to extract them by the sudden jerk; for, being curved, they cannot be readily withdrawn, and sitting but loosely in the gums, are easily disengaged. Being thus rendered in a great degree harmless, I pinned their heads down, and tied them up. Great care, however, is required not to suffer yourself to be lacerated by their teeth, or in any other way, while preparing their heads, and refixing the fangs; for if a wound is thus inflicted, even long after their death, the consequences are dreadful, and often fatal; of which I might relate many singular instances, which came immediately under my observation."

Lapland Church Discipline.—In Linnæus's "Tour in Iceland," lately published in English by Dr. Smith, we noticed the following remarkable instance of obsequious submission to the priesthood.—"The poor Laplanders find the church festivals, or days of public thanksgiving, in the spring of the year, very burdensome and oppressive, as they are in general obliged to pass the river at the hazard of their lives. The water, at that season, is neither sufficiently frozen to bear them, nor open enough to be navigated; so they are under the necessity of wading frequently up to their arms, and are half dead with cold and fatigue by the time they get to church. They must either undergo this hardship, or be fined ten silver dollars, and do penance for three Sundays."

Frugality of Scotch Laborers.—The late Professor Walker, of Edinburgh, in his "Essays on Natural History," &c. speaking of the Scottish laborer, says—"When allowance is made for the days in which he is debarred from work, by the state of the weather or other accidents, his income cannot be reckoned to exceed £13 a year. Yet, upon this, he has often to support a wife, with two, three, or four children; and, when sober and industrious, supports them in a decent manner. The wife, generally, by her carefulness and industry, adds something. Yet, whenever the income and expense of a laborer's family come to be compared, as they have often been, and committed to paper, the expense, to a degree of surprise, always turns out higher than the income. Yet they live without running into debt, and thrive, and the children are brought up in a creditable way. This is much to the praise of the poor laborers in Scotland; and no reason can be given for it, but that there subsists among them a degree of frugality and parsimony, which escapes the knowledge and observation of people in higher life."—"A married ploughman, with all his perquisites, has generally to the amount of 1s. every working day, or about £16 a year."

Bishop Hough, and his Steward.—Mr. Wilmot, from whom we quoted, in our last Number, an anecdote of Bishop Hough, informs us that the good prelate "always kept £1000 in the house for unexpected occurrences; perhaps, to pay funeral expenses or legacies. One day the collectors of one of the noble societies in this country came to apply for his contribution: the bishop told his steward to give them £500. The steward made signs to his master, intimating that he did not know where to get so large a sum. He replied, 'You are right, Harrison: I have not given enough; give the gentlemen £1000; you will find it in such a place;' with which the old steward, though unwillingly, was forced to comply."—To the credit of the steward's honesty, Mr. Wilmot relates that he was informed "by an aged female still living, that she was present when the steward attended the bishop's executor, Mr. John Byrche, and showed him a partition in the cellar, which being removed, discovered a thousand guineas, totally unknown to every body but the steward."

POETRY.

ADDRESS *to the* PUBLIC,
at the Opening of the new* THEATRE,
DRURY-LANE,
Saturday, October 10, 1812 *.
Written by LORD BYRON,
and spoken by MR. ELLISTON.

IN one dread night, our city saw—and sigh'd—
Bow'd to the dust, the Drama's tow'r of pride;
In one short hour beheld the blazing fane,
Apollo sink, and Shakspeare cease to reign.
Ye, who beheld—oh sight admir'd and mourn'd!
Whose radiance mock'd the ruin it adorn'd!—
Through clouds of fire, the massy fragments riven,
Like Israel's pillar, chase the night from heaven,
Saw the long column of revolving flames
Shake its red shadow o'er the startled Thames,
While thousands, throng'd around the burning dome,
Shrank back appall'd, and trembled for their home;
As glar'd the volum'd blaze, and ghastly shone
The skies, with lightnings awful as their own;
Till black'ning ashes and the lonely wall
Usurp'd the Muse's realm, and mark'd her fall;
Say—shall this new nor less aspiring pile,
Rear'd, where once rose the mightiest in our isle,
Know the same favor which the former knew,
A shrine for Shakspeare—worthy him and *you?*
Yes—it shall be—The magic of that name
Defies the scythe of Time, the torch of flame;
On the same spot still consecrates the scene,
And bids the Drama *be* where she hath *been.*—
This fabric's birth attests the potent spell—
Indulge our honest pride, and say, *How well!*
As soars this fane to emulate the last,
Oh! might we draw our omens from the past,
Some hour, propitious to our pray'rs, may boast
Names such as hallow still the dome we lost.
On Drury first your Siddons' thrilling art
O'erwhelm'd the gentlest, storm'd the sternest heart:
On Drury, Garrick's latest laurels grew:
Here your last tears retiring Roscius drew,
Sigh'd his last thanks, and wept his last adieu.
But still for living wit the wreaths may bloom,
That only *waste* their odors o'er the tomb.
Such Drury claim'd and claims—nor you refuse
One tribute to revive his slumb'ring Muse.
With garlands deck your own Menander's head!
Nor hoard your honors idly for the dead!
Dear are the days which made our annals bright,
Ere Garrick fled, or Brinsley ceas'd to write,
Heirs to their labors, like all high-born heirs,
Vain of *our* ancestry as they of theirs.
While thus Remembrance borrows Banquo's glass,
To claim the sceptred shadows as they pass,
And we the mirror hold, where imag'd shine
Immortal names, emblazon'd on our line,
Pause—ere their feebler offspring you condemn,
Reflect how hard the task to rival them!
Friends of the stage—to whom both Play'rs and Plays
Must sue alike for pardon, or for praise,
Whose judging voice and eye alone direct
The boundless pow'r to cherish or reject,
If e'er frivolity has led to fame,
And made us blush that you forbore to blame,
If e'er the sinking stage could condescend
To soothe the sickly taste it dar'd not mend,
All past reproach may present scenes refute,
And censure, wisely loud, be justly mute!—
Oh! since your *Fiat* stamps the Drama's laws,
Forbear to mock us with misplac'd applause.
So pride shall doubly nerve the actor's pow'rs,
And reason's voice be echo'd back by ours!—
This greeting o'er—the ancient rule obey'd,
The Drama's homage by her herald paid,
Receive *our* welcome too—whose ev'ry tone
Springs from our hearts, and fain would win your own.
The curtain rises—May our stage unfold
Scenes not unworthy Drury's days of old!
Britons our judges, Nature for our guide,
Still may *we* please: long—long may *you* preside.

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* The Committee of Drury-lane Theatre, to invite competition, had offered twenty guineas for the best-written Address.

Lines by Miss SQUIRE,
on reading J. M. L.'s Stanzas addressed to her in our Magazine for April.

[*⁎* *We assure the ingenious Authoress, that the copy of this poem, sent for insertion in May last, never reached us.*]

HAIL, sacred poesy! by Heav'n design'd
To wake each gen'rous feeling of the
mind! [ful eyes;
While Mammon's sons, the plodding,
worldly wise,
Turn from thy glowing page with scorn-
While they, whose souls no soft emotions
know,
For sordid gain each joy refin'd forego—
Mine be the lay, which, flowing from the
heart, [part;
Can to the woe-fraught soul a charm im-
Teach the young mind in virtue's cause
to glow,
Or melt with pity at well pictur'd woe;
To daring deeds the ardent warrior
move,
And force, awhile, dull apathy to prove
The sweets of friendship, and the
pains of love:
Mine be the lay, to soft-eyed Pity dear,
Which wakes, for human woes, the sigh
sincere.
Let bards who love to wound, bid sa-
tire's sting [wring;
The erring wretch with keener anguish
I would not—though to gain eternal
fame— [might reclaim.
With scorn provoke, when candor
No! let me rather live unsought, un-
known, [are flown,
Till fancy's dreams and nature's joys
Than strive, by means unkind, the bays
to gain, [others' pain.
And purchase short-liv'd bliss with
Taught, early taught, to bend at Vir-
tue's shrine, [divine,
Keep her nice rules, and love her form
I learn'd from Charity, preceptress mild,
To weep the woes of frailty's abject child;
To shun the wretch, whose more than
serpent tongue [flung;
O'er Beauty's robe its baneful venom
To soothe the mind by guilt and shame
oppress'd, [breast!—
And ope to softer thoughts the gloomy
Daughter of heav'n! still may thy voice
benign [refine!
My judgement influence, and my heart
Still may the candid few, who love to
praise, [lays;
Trace thy kind spirit in my humble
And may those lays, uncheck'd by rules
of art, [the heart.
Touch the fine chords, that vibrate on
What, though the learned proud too
oft contemn [not them?
The fairest blossoms, if they charm
Say, must thy buds, O native Genius, die,
Because obnoxious to the cynic's eye?
No! Hope's warm sun shall bid their
charms expand, [er's hand.
And Taste preserve them from the spoil-
So Flora's child, frail nursling of the
storm, [form;
Hides in some devious wild its pensile
There blooms unheeded, or, at best, dis-
plays
Its varied beauties to the vulgar gaze,
Till Taste, discerning, in its petals fair,
Tints that might well repay a master's
care,
Bears from its native throne the desert's
queen, [scene!
To bloom and charm amid the cultur'd

Lines,
written on the FIRST *of* SEPTEMBER, 1812.
By Mr. WEBB.

HARK! 'tis the sportsman's gun, whose
thund'ring sound [the vale!
Shakes the moist air, and echoes through
The day, the annual day, at length has
dawn'd, [to bleed.
That dooms the harmless plumy tribe
What have you done, ye feather'd inno-
cents, [and groves,
That you must quit your fav'rite glens
Your flow'ry vales, cool shades, and
crystal streams, [day?
And cease to drink the golden beam of
Alas! you render up no forfeit life:
No crime of yours impels the [illegible]
stroke: [[illegible]
But man must have amusement! cruel
Must perpetrate the sanguinary deed,
To speed the tardy hour!
Again the tube explodes! The timid
hare [falls,
Has felt the bolt of fate; and prone he
And the last life-beam trembles on his
eye. [haunts,
No more will he frequent his wonted
Or play his gambols by the green-wood's
side;
No tender mate, or playful little ones,
Will hail him more to furze-environ'd
home! [scenes of death.
The feeling Muse loves not these
She o'er creation casts a glance humane,
Clasps in warm fold the insect and the
brute, [of life.
And feels for all that breathes the breath
But, petty tyrant, know, thy reign is
short! [rides:
On his pale horse an awful sportsman

His barbed arrows never miss their aim,
And soon will pierce thy heart.—Indulge
the thought, [sings:
And weigh the truths that gentle Cowper
" Full many a crime, deem'd innocent
on earth, [doubt,
Is register'd in heav'n; and these, no
Have each their record, with a curse
annex'd. [heart:
Man may dismiss compassion from his
But God will never.—When he charg'd
the Jew [rise,
T'assist his foe's down-fallen beast to
And when the bush-exploring boy that
seis'd
The young, to let the parent bird go free,
Prov'd he not plainly, that his meaner
works
Are yet his care, and have an int'rest all,
All, in the universal Father's love?"

The Spirits *of the* Dead;
or Visionary Happiness.

Tell me, ye who roam in air,
Spirits pure and unconfin'd,
Take you now the guardian care
Of the dear ones left behind?
Watches now the parent kind
O'er the helpless offspring's way,
Teaching, if they bliss would find,
Ne'er from Virtue's path to stray?

Does the lover's ardent eye
Still his heart's warm feelings prove,
Even from the starry sky
Watching o'er his earthly love?
Leaves he now the realms of light,
Borne upon the viewless air,
Breaking through the glooms of night,
Then to cheer the weeping fair?

" Thou, whom absence could not change,
Whose true heart, unus'd to falter,
Never knew the wish to range
From thy faith, and Love's bright
altar—
Whom not even death could move—
Dry thy tears, and cease thy sorrow!
Faithful votary of love!
Soon shall rise a brighter morrow.

" Thou shalt bid the world adieu;
Own no more its sad dominion;
Range with me the heavens blue,
Mounted on thy seraph pinion!"—
Softly sweet as southern breezes,
Steal the accents on her ear:
Eagerly the hope she seises,
Soon to join the youth so dear!

Oh! if thus the soul can hover
O'er the scenes of earthly pain,
Dearer is the death-cold lover,
Than life's ever-changing train!

What, though in his eye's bright glances
Once 'twas bliss to read his heart!
Yet the happy hour advances,
When they meet—no more to part!

Still, when—day's gay beams declining—
Ev'ning throws her shadows dim,
On some mossy bank reclining,
Sweet it is to think of him!
Object of her soul's devotion!—
Still, to passion's dictates true,
She recalls each soft emotion,
Which her raptur'd bosom knew!

Fancy sheds her spells around her!
Sighs the breeze? she thinks he speaks
Mis'ry's dart no more shall wound her:
Far from earth the joys she seeks.
Should the rustling leaves alarm her,
Soon she chases ev'ry fear;
Thinks 'tis he who once could charm her—
He, than all the world more dear!

Let not then affection perish;
But, till life's last scene is o'er,
Still his dear remembrance cherish,
And his virtues still adore!
Onward, then, ye minutes flying,
Lead her steps to rest and peace.—
Sweet shall seem the pangs of dying,
Death shall bid each sorrow cease!

Marina.

Hope.

By Mr. Webb,
Author of " Haverhill," and other Poems.

" What are the hopes of man?" Lo-
thario cry'd: [dy'd,
" Ere this, I hop'd Avaro would have
That fortune would dispense her glit-
t'ring show'rs, [flow'rs."
And paint my steril path with golden
" What are the hopes of woman?"
Sylvia said—
Sylvia, whom fate ordains to die a maid,
" I fondly thought that some accom-
plish'd swain
Would lead me to yon hymeneal fane;
Ah! futile hope! I still at distance wait:
No friend invites me to the nuptial
state."
" What are the poet's hopes, and
dazzling views?"
Exclaims the hungry vot'ry of the Muse.
" Lur'd by the siren Hope, my humble
name, [of Fame;
I fondly deem'd, would gild the rolls
And that a gen'rous public, on my head,
Would place the laurel wreath, and
give me bread."— [boy,
All are the dupes of Hope! the giddy
With heart elate, expects the coming joy:

Fond youth, with he[al]th empurpled, spirits gay,
Believes bright bliss will crown some [future day.
From rising manhood, to the vale of age,
Hope cheats her victims, till he quits the stage.
Thus sang the Muse, while in a fitful mood,
Through disappointment of some pro- [mis'd good.
Forgive me, Hope, that thus, in evil hour,
My wayward song traduc'd thy soothing pow'r.
Sweet sylph! the loveliest of the fairy train,
That with mild beauty grace the poet's [strain!
With all the raptures genius could inspire,
To sing thy praise, a Campbell swept [the lyre;
Thy genuine worth, which Cowper sweetly sung,
Was hymn'd by tuneful Pope, and plain- [tive Young.
Cheer'd by thy smiles, the martyr of disease
Expects fair health upon a vernal [breeze.
Thy influence bland can banish fell despair,
And tell the wretch, to-morrow may be [fair.
Heart-cheering Hope! from thee what blessings flow!
Thou art the good man's paradise [below.
Inspir'd by thee, the Christian soars sublime,
And scorns to bound his blissful views [by time.
Thy lenient charm can soothe his parting breath,
And with mild radiance gild the scene of [death.

Haverhill. S.

The Soldier's Wife's
INVOCATION *to* PEACE.
By J. M. LACEY.

O GENTLE pow'r! attend a wife's sad pray'r—
A soldier's wife, o'ercome with ev'ry care;
Whose long-lov'd lord to other lands is fled,
Where War uprears his crimson-crested [head;
Where horror fills each agonising breath,
And morn but breaks to light men on to death!
Where the bright day-beam sees th[e] beauteous bow'rs,
The lovely vales, so late bedeck'd with [flow'rs,
The corn-clad steep, where Ceres wav'd her store,
All black with ruin, red with human [gore!
And, 'stead of wavy boughs in gayest green,
The flashing bayonets fill all the scene.
Oh! 'tis not woman's to unfold the tale,
When wasteful battle fills the echoing vale.
She cannot paint the deathful hour of doom,
That hurls its thousands to the yawning [tomb.
She cannot tell—she dares not trust her breast
With all the woes that then appear con- [fess'd:
But oft she feels a pang she cannot paint,
That bids her shudd'ring soul in anguish faint;
For fancy, ever busy fancy, shows
The husband of her heart in life's last throes;
Pictures him death-struck on the field of blood;
No friendly hand to check life's ebbing [flood,
No wife to catch his last convulsive breath,
And consecrate the bitter hour of death!
But thou, sweet Peace! if, from the happy blest,
Thou would'st descend, and be the [world's bright guest,
Could'st heal the wounds of war, and give again
Joy to those bosoms bursting now with [pain;
Could'st stop Ambition's phrensy-fraught desires;
And give back children to their aged [sires;
Restore the husband to his wretched wife,
And fill with pleasure all her future life:
While to the world thy dear return would bring
A gen'ral joy, an unexpected spring!
Plenty would come with thee: the poor man's eye
Would beam with ple[asure: th]en no [more the sigh
Would from his big heart burst, a[s chil]dren wept,
When want and famine round his cottage [crept!
Commerce would flourish, when no more was hurl'd
War's flaming brand around a mourning [world!
That world at peace!—What rapture in the thought!
The very words delight! and, with them [brought,
A host of angel virtues crowd around;
Truth at their head, by Love with myrtle crown'd!—
Return then, Peace! oh! hear a woman's pray'r!
Bless the wide earth, and soothe her [anxious care!
Giv[e to] these arms the dear-one of my heart,
No more to seek the field—no more to [part!

Completion of the BOUTS-RIMÉS *proposed in our Magazine for August.*
WELLINGTON *and* GLORY.

COARSE is the soldiers hard and scanty *fare;*
And toils are his in fields of war [and glory;

But wreaths of laurel bright 'tis his to
share: [story!
He lives renown'd in Fame's immortal
For where's the heart so cowardly and
cold, [of beauty,
Or where's the lip of love, the breast
That hails not Wellington the great and
bold? [duty.
And thus to hail him is a nation's
'Tis his to hurl the death-directed *shaft:*
'Tis his to guide the warrior on to
battle, [*draught*,
Where many a bosom draws life's latest
'Midst gory heaps, 'midst ruin's wildest
rattle!
But to be only brave, to feel the *glow*
That valour feels, when wild the fight
he's seeking, [*slow*,
Were vain indeed:—caution oft bids be
While deep discretion shuns the bat-
tle's recking.
This praise is thine, O Wellington!—
Thy *skill* [tow'rs defending:
Taught thee to pause, while Lisbon's
But, when to fight you bade, your won-
drous *will* [tempests bending.
Hurl'd armies down, like reeds to
Such is the theme the brave man ought
to *hear:* ['midst its pleasure,
Such is our nation's theme!—but,
Sorrow intrudes, for numbers kind and
dear, [ther's treasure.
The father's hope, the widow'd mo-
These hearts must mourn; nor should
we deem it *strange,* [of glory.
Did their sad curse attend the march
I[illegible]s with anguish'd sigh
to *range,* [fierce story.
And with aversion turn from war's
Such are the feelings glory calls in
play: [bier,
We sigh with sorrow o'er the warrior's
While Britain's welfare bids our hearts
be *gay,* [tear.
And mingle joy's fair smile with pity's
September 7. J. M. L.

New Bouts-rimes *proposed.*

Beauty, duty; Glowing, flowing; Ten-
der, surrender; Chilling, willing; Glory,
story; Over, rover; Blessing, confess-
ing; Ever, sever.

Character of the Poet Cowper.
From the Poem of "The Times."

Cowper, with noble candor, touch'd
the strings.
Approving Virtue listens while he sings;
That mild philanthropy, those thoughts
refin'd, [his mind.
Which grac'd his deathless verse, [illegible]'d,
Religion, source of ev'ry pure desire,
Glow'd in his heart, and wisdom's holy fire
There found its altar: faith's immortal
flame, [name
And gentle soothing charity, whose
Archangels in melodious concert sung,
And hope, in native beauty ever young,
Inspir'd his Muse; and nature's breath-
ing sweets, [retreats,
Her woodbine arbours, and her green
Were themes he lov'd; and pity's gen-
tle charm
He sweetly sung. A wanton act of harm
His soul abhorr'd; the wild and tim'rous
hare
Fled to his roof, and found a refuge there.
Yet oft to harsher themes his lyre he
strung, [tongue.
And deep remonstrance dwelt upon his
O'er thoughtless guilt he dropp'd the
prophet's tears,
And rous'd a slumb'ring nation into fears;
He prov'd a steady friend to all mankind;
And Virtue fix'd her temple in his mind.

To absent Caroline.

Still shall the softly-pleasing smile,
That beam'd upon thy last adieu,
Still shall the thought of thee beguile,
Till time our intercourse renew.

Still shall each word, each touch of thine,
Each heartfelt joy thy looks impart,
With gentlest influence combine,
"To soften, not subdue, the heart."

Then let the anxious wish, the sigh,
The vain repining spirit, cease:
Let Fancy's airy visions die,
And Reason mildly whisper peace.

On Joseph Bonaparté's *Expulsion.*

The *new* King of *old* Spain
Sees the end of his reign,
And, all claim to the kingdom revoking,
Cries, "Alas! poor *King Jo!*
You're taught *gravely* to know,
That Spain is no country for *Jo-king.*

L'Embaumement *économique.*

"Serait-il bien vrai, mes amis,
Que, quand mes jours seront finis,
Votre dessein est qu'on m'embaume?"
Disait à ses enfans, près de lui réunis,
Un avare mourant, d'Harpagon second
tome. [bon m'emballer?
"Dans des parfums trop chers, à quoi
Faut-il se ruiner pour garder un fantôme?
Si vous voulez pourtant, moi mort, me
contempler, [nome—
Croyez-en votre père—il est bon éco-
Mes enfans, faites moi saler."

*** *A Translation or Imitation by any of our poetic Readers will be esteemed a favor.*

London fashionable Walking *and* Evening Dresses.

Morning or Walking Dress.—A plain or corded muslin dress, made high in the neck, and flounced—the flounce set on rather full.—The waist not quite so long as of late.—Three-quarter pelisse, of pale yellow twilled sarsnet, edged with a rich fancy trimming of the same color, and fastened round the waist with a band and gold buckle.—A fancy hat, of the same stuff as the pelisse, with a gold or rich silk tassel suspended from the back of the hat—a handsome feather to correspond, drooping over the front, and rather inclining toward the side.—A white parasol.—Boots and gloves of the same color as the pelisse.

Evening Dress.—A Grecian head-dress, with several rows of large pearls continued round the hair.—Necklace, ear-rings, and bracelets, of pearls somewhat smaller than those on the head.—A white satin or sarsnet body, made very low in the neck, and richly trimmed with silver trimming or white lace—and a short double sleeve of white satin or sarsnet, fastened on the shoulder with a rick silk fancy button, and trimmed—the under sleeve made close to the arm, and of pink sarsnet.—A band of the same trimming, worn round the waist, and fastened in front with a rich stone or pearl ornament.—Train and apron of pale pink sarsnet, with a trimming of silver or white lace to correspond with the body.—A pale blue scarf—white kid gloves—white satin slippers, with pearl ornaments on a plaiting of ribbon—and a white fan, edged with silver.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

[*London, September* 21] Advices from St. Domingo state that Christophe, defeated by Petion, and abandoned by his staff-officers who deserted to his rival, had fled to the mountains with a handful of men.—Letters from Jamaica add that Petion, at the head of 12,000 men, obtained quiet possession of Cape Français, with all Christopoe's treasure, amounting to several millions of dollars, collected by the most iniquitous extortions.

[23] The French threw, or attempted to throw, into Cadiz, from the 15th March, 1810, to the 29th August, 1812, 1398 bombs, 1672 grenades, and 12,461 twenty-four-pound balls; and the Spaniards, during the same time, from the Castle of Puntallis alone, threw upon the enemy's line 8261 of the first, 12,950 of the second, and 32,048 of the third.

[28] By the treaty of peace, lately concluded between Russia and Turkey, all the territory between the river Pruth and the Black Sea, 1000 wersts in extent, and comprehending a part of Moldavia and Bessarabia, is added to the Russian empire, with Jassy, and numerous other cities and towns of importance.

[30] July 17, the American garrison in Fort Michilimackinac, consisting of 61 individuals, surrendered to a British force from Canada, without any attempt at resistance.

[30] September 3, General Ballasteros attacked and defeated a French corps of 10,000 men, and made himself master of the city of Antequera.

[*October* 2] Letters from Malta, of August 4, state, that Ragusa, the mouths of the Cattaro, and the whole of the neighbouring coast, are in a state of insurrection; and that the natives had applied to our troops in Lissa for arms and ammunition.

[3] A letter from Captain J. Thompson, to his brother in Liverpool, dated Verdun, August 13, says: "In this *dépôt*, ... has every indulgence possible its prisoners; and every man of good conduct, witho[u]t distinction, is granted any favor he as[k]s within the limits of th[i]s district; n[o]r does any prisoner now suffer for the [m]isconduct of another."

[5] Septe[m]ber 7, a great battle took place betwe[e]n the French and Russian grand armie[s], at Borodino, on the river

Moskwa, about two leagues from Mojaisk, and twenty-five from Moscow.—The Russian host, commanded by Prince Kutusoff, was about 120 or 130,000 men; and the French, under the command of Bonaparté in person, were equal in number.—The conflict lasted from about 6 in the morning, till night; during which time, according to the words of the 18th French bulletin, "a thousand pieces of artillery scattered death in every direction," and the French "fired sixty thousand cannon-shot."—The slaughter, of course, was prodigious.—Some accounts state the total loss of the Russians, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, at forty thousand: others say that the French lost that number in the battle.—The French retreated; and the Russians remained masters of the field: but, two days after the battle, they found it expedient to retire toward Moscow, whither they were followed by the French.

[6] Letters from Nevis, of August 29, mention that the American privateers are burning and plundering every thing, and observe that a list of 63 ships captured had been received from St. Bartholomew.

[6] The New York Gazette, of Aug. 25, mentions a counter-revolution in Venezuela.—Shortly after the great earthquake, the clergy (it is said) declared it to be a divine punishment on the people for their rebellion, and found many credulous believers. These having entered into a correspondence with the government of Porto Rico, and with General Montverde, commander of the royal troops at Coro, the latter invaded the province, and took possession of Valencia.—The command of the patriot army was given to General Miranda, who (through treachery, as is supposed) retreated before the invaders, though his army was double their number: and, upon their taking Porto Cavallo by surprise on the 6th of July, he shortly after made a secret capitulation, and repaired to Laguira (July 30), with the intention of embarking for Curaçoa: but the commandant arrested him, as a betrayer of his trust, and confined him in a dungeon.—A bulletin, issued by our own government, adds, that the city of Caraccas capitulated to the royalists on the 28th of July—that Laguira surrendered at discretion on the 31st—and that Miranda was still kept closely imprisoned.

[6] A treaty of peace, between Great Britain and Sweden, was signed at Orebro, July 18—ratified by the Prince Regent, Aug 4, and by the Swedish monarch, Aug. 17.

[6] *Corunna, Sept.* 24.—By lette from Madrid, it appears that the holy t bunal of the Inquisition has been re-est blished!

[7] August 16, the American gener Hull, the invader of Canada, having pr viously suffered some losses in unsu cessful skirmishes, and being now sh up in Fort Détroit by a British fo under Major General Brock, consisti of about 730 white men and about 6 Indians, surrendered with his wh army, of about 2,500 men, as prisoners war.

[9] Aug. 19, the British frigate, Guriere, mounting 49 guns, was captured the American frigate, Constituti mounting 55.—In the conflict, wh lasted near two hours, the Guerriere l 15 men killed, and 63 wounded— Constitution, 7 killed, and 7 wounde The Guerriere was so much dama that the captors, after having taken all the crew, set fire to her, and blew up.

[9] Prince Kutusoff, having rea Moscow with his army after the batt Borodino, [*See October* 5] but being able to find a tenable position near city, retired about twenty miles be it, and left it open to the French, entered it on the 14th of Septem —Two days after their entry, thr four hundred persons set fire to the c "in five hundred different places," the 20th French bulletin. They according to instructions previous ceived from the governor, Rostops who had taken the precaution of car off all the firemen, and taking aw destroying the fire-engines.—Five of the houses being built of wood conflagration was rapid and prodigi it continued four days, during time three fourths of the city were ed, including nearly a thousand pa and sixteen hundred churches, tog with immense magazines, and thousand sick or wounded Russians had been left destitute and helpless hospitals.—The flames, however, the Kremlin—an extensive inclosur rounded with antique massy walls, in the centre of the city, containi old imperial palace, the cathedral, ral parish churches and convents, senal, colleges, and public office that inclosure Bonaparté has estal

his head quarters; and, notwithstanding the destruction of stores by the conflagration, the French have found, in Moscow and its vicinity, ammunition sufficient, says the bulletin, "for two campaigns."

[12] Advices from the Mediterranean state that the Dey of Algiers intends to undertake a spirited war with the American republic. To fulfil this design, he is provided with six frigates of 44 guns; and he and his vassals are equipping a swarm of smaller vessels, which are to be engaged in depredations on the floating property of this new enemy. Orders have been given in London for stores to equip the Algerine navy, to the amount of upwards of £40,000.

[12] During the high price of grain at Bordeaux, the father of a family, reduced to the lowest poverty, and famished with hunger, concealed the death of his nephew, a youth of twelve years, and, with his wife and four children, subsisted nearly a week on the body.

[12] At Rennes, in France, a conscript lately chopped off his left hand, to evade the service. He was condemned to 14 years' imprisonment; and his father, who had lost four children in Bonaparté's campaigns, was condemned to pay 300 livres for being privy to his son's offence.

[13] Sept. 28, a criminal, at the place of execution in Paris, stabbed the priest in the throat who was administering spiritual comfort to him: the executioner, who was preparing to tie his hands, he pierced through the heart; and forced his assistant to leap off the scaffold, by which he broke both his legs. He afterwards nearly severed his head from his body.

[13] An Armenian diamond-merchant, named Bohljat, was, on the 2d July, attacked, near Manheim, by four robbers, who, after stripping him of a bag containing several diamonds, cut his throat, and threw the body into the Rhine. The water being shallow, some fishermen descried Bohljat, and carried him in a state of insensibility into the city, where a surgeon sewed up his wound. On his convalescence, he made deposition of the robbery before a magistrate, and described one of the persons who had used him so barbarously, to be hare-lipped. The magistrate departed, and shortly after returned in company with M. Folsche, an eminent jeweller, whom Bohljat recognised to be one of the robbers. Bohljat had letters of recommendation to Folsche, who, apprised of his being on the road, thus waylaid and attempted to assassinate his intended guest.—The diamonds (valued at £18,000 sterling) were found in Folsche's house, and restored to the owner.

[14] A treaty has lately been concluded between the Sicilian court and Lord Bentinck, providing that a body of Sicilian troops, not fewer than 7,000, shall be placed under his Lordship's command, and that England shall secure Sicily to the royal family.

[14] *Quebec, Sept.* 1.—A number of petty American privateers have recently distressed the coasts and fisheries of this province very seriously.

[15] The French Conservative Senate have, by a decree of September 1, ordered a levy of one hundred and twenty thousand men of the conscription for the year 1813, to be taken from among the men born in the year 1793.

[19] The yellow fever rages at Carthagena, and daily carries off from six to ten persons.

[19] *Berlin, Sept.* 25.—The Turks have begun to act against the Austrians; and there has been a conflict between them.

[19] *Gibraltar, Oct.* 2.—"An Algerine squadron has passed the Gut, to the westward, and is molesting the trade"—the American trade, we presume.

[21] At Giessen, in the circle of the Upper Rhine, after continued sultry weather, twelve acres of ground suddenly sank about five feet on the 18th of August, and continued gradually sinking, until, on the 4th of S[illegible] the chasm was fifteen feet deep. On the [illegible], water began to appear, which, by the 19th, completely filled the vacuum.

[23] About the end of June, a conspiracy of the European Spaniards at Buenos Ayres, to murder all the Creoles and effect a counter-revolution, was detected by means of a faithful Negro. Most of the leaders were seised, and twenty-eight of them executed.

[26] About the beginning of March, the settlement of Macassar was surrendered by the French commandant to a British force under Capt. Phillips of the Madras army. A treaty of peace and alliance was, soon after, concluded with the rajah of Boni, the most powerful prince in that country, and quiet possession obtained of the small forts, &c. formerly occupied by the Dutch.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

His Majesty.—The last bulletin (of October 3) says, "His Majesty has suffered no fresh accession of his disorder since the last monthly report, and has continued nearly in a uniform state."—At present (October 20) he is said to continue in nearly the same state as for the last three months, free from any violent recurrence of paroxysms, and enjoying uniform bodily health.

Price of Bread.—Quartern wheaten loaf, *October* 1, twenty pence, farthing—*Oct.* 8, nineteen pence, farthing—*Oct.* 15, eighteen pence, halfpenny—*Oct.* 22, the same.

[*London, September* 29] On Monday last, was laid the first stone of a Lancasterian school at Wakefield.

[29] Yesterday, a boy was examined at Guildhall, on a charge of stealing money from behind a shop counter, by means of a wand tipped with bird-lime.

[29] *Building Speculations.*—In the parish of St. Pancras alone, at the present moment, there are not less than 1500 houses unoccupied. Many of the gigantic schemes of building in that quarter have consequently been abandoned.

[30] Yesterday, in the Court of Requests, the proprietor of a stage coach was ordered to pay (together with all the other party's expenses) the value of a brace of partridges sent from the country by his coach, but fraudulently changed by his porter for other birds in a putrid state.—The magistrate observed that the plaintiff might have instituted a criminal action.

[30] Yesterday, Parliament was dissolved; and the 24th of November appointed for the meeting of the new Parliament.

[*October* 1] Yesterday, at Union Hall, a drayman was fined 40*s*. with costs, for riding on his horse, while driving.

[2] Tuesday evening, the French officers who had broken their parole, and were confined on board the Brunswick, at Chatham, cut a hole through, and ten of them made their escape: but they have all since been retaken, except one who was drowned.

[3] September 26, the Catholic electors of Newry passed a resolution not to vote for any parliamentary candidate who will not pledge himself to support religious freedom.

[3] October 1, a fire-ball exploded over Stepney fields, at the height of about 20 yards from the ground, with a report which is described as equal to that of an 18-pounder double-shotted, and an appearance similar to that of a bursting bomb, shooting out streams of fire in every direction.

[4] The Old Bailey sessions closed on Monday last; when twenty-six individuals were sentenced to death—forty-seven to transportation—forty-three to imprisonment for different periods—and fourteen to be whipped.—Forty-two were discharged by proclamation.

[6] *Balloon.*—October 1, Mr. Sadler ascended with his balloon from the vicinity of Dublin, with the intention of crossing the Irish Channel. In 35 minutes, he had sight of the mountains of Wales, and, in three hours, a distinct view of the Skerry light-house, with the hope of speedily reaching Liverpool. But, the wind shifting, he was blown off to sea, and lost sight of land. Night now approaching, and some vessels appearing in sight, which showed a disposition to assist him, he lowered the balloon into the water, whence, after having been for some time in imminent danger of drowning, he was, with very great difficulty, rescued by one of the vessels, which conveyed him safe to Liverpool.

[6] *Puerile Swindling.*—Yesterday, a boy, only twelve years old, was committed for trial from Marlborough-street office, on a charge of uttering forged letters, or orders for goods, and thereby defrauding tradespeople.

[7] *Herring-Fishery.*—The shoal of herrings, as reported by the Manks fishermen, this season, occupied a space of not less than 15 miles. The sea appeared literally alive with them.

[7] From the general failure of the crops, not a single pocket of new hops was produced at the late Worcester fair; a circumstance which has not occurred since 1805.

[7] A tree, belonging to G. Lawson, Esq. of Haughton, near Darlington, bore, this year, 2000 peaches.

[7] Last week, at Ayr, a young girl, a pauper, totally blind, eloped with a gallant of the same age, who is both blind and lame!

[7] Last Friday, in a competitory exhibition of powers by two of the water-

companies, the water was made to rise from a fire-plug to the height of the parapet wall of the highest house in Berkeley-square.

[9] *Youthful Suicide*.—On Tuesday, in the neighbourhood of Baker-street, Mary-le-bonne New Road, a girl, not above the age of eighteen, attempting to commit suicide, lacerated her throat in a shocking manner with a blunt pen-knife.

[9] *Vauxhall Gardens*.—On Wednesday, at the quarter-sessions at Kingston, application was made for a renewal of the licence for these gardens, which was unanimously granted by the court.—The Duke of Norfolk (who was on the bench) then made the following motion, "That the magistrates, assembled at this quarter sessions, do express their regret that the *Victuallers' Licence* has been refused by the magistrates of the Borough." [*See, in our last Number, September* 19.] But the motion was negatived by 18 to 13, on the ground of its being improper for one set of magistrates to censure the acts of another; and the proprietor of the gardens was advised to apply to the Court of King's Bench for a *Mandamus*, ordering the victuallers' licence to be granted.

[11] The Spanish government has sent, as a present to the Prince Regent, two of the new-fashioned mortars abandoned by the French in raising the siege of Cadiz. They are said to weigh twenty tons, and throw a shell of a hundred weight to the distance of three miles.

[12] *The Princess of Wales*.—It is confidently asserted, that, on Sunday, September 27, Her Royal Highness went to Augusta Lodge at Windsor, and thence wrote to Lady De Clifford, requesting that she would accompany the Princess Charlotte to the Lodge. The answer was a positive refusal, as the Regent had given orders not to allow any meeting at Windsor between the Princess and her daughter. Her R. H. then wrote to the Queen, who sent her Vice-Chamberlain to inform her that it was not in her power to grant her Royal Highness's request. The Princess again addressed the Queen, to request an audience, which being granted, the Queen repeated verbally, that it was not in her power to release the Lady De Clifford from the order she had received.—A report, of her R. H. having dined at the Castle on this occasion, has been contradicted by an assertion that the Queen did not offer her any refreshment whatever.

[12] *The Regent's Canal*.—On Wednesday, in the Regent's Park, under Primrose-Hill, the first spade was put into the ground of the intended line of this canal, by Sir Thomas Bernard, bart.—From the Regent's Park, a branch of the canal is to extend to certain places on the eastern side of the park, close to the New Road, for the site of three new markets, for meat, vegetables, and hay.

[12] *Drury-Lane Theatre*.—On Saturday evening, the new theatre opened with the tragedy of "*Hamlet*," followed by the farce of "*High Life*."—For the Address spoken on the occasion, see our poetic department, page 472.—The produce of the first night's receipts is said to have amounted to £859.

[13] Yesterday, at Union Hall, a licensed publican was fined in the mitigated penalty of five (in lieu of twenty) pounds, with costs, for having sold *spirits* at a fair, without having a licence for that specific purpose; though licensed victuallers are allowed to retail *beer* in bottles at fairs, without a special licence.—The magistrates, however, advised him, and another publican who stood in the same predicament, to appeal against the convictions.

[14] Yesterday morning, a fire in Leadenhall street destroyed several houses.

[14] Yesterday, the Prince Regent in Council ordered letters of marque and reprisal to be issued against "the ships, goods, and citizens" of the United States of America.

[14] *Over-weight*.—A farmer of toll having weighed a waggon-load of dung at a turnpike-gate, and exacted £29 7*s*. 6*d*. for over-weight, an information was lodged against him at Marlborough-street office, where the magistrates yesterday decided, that, although an existing law exempts dung from being weighed—yet, as there was, in the present case, *a basket* on the waggon besides the dung, the toll-collector was justifiable in weighing the load, and insisting on payment of the penalty.

[15] *Gun-Powder*.—Yesterday, at Union Hall, a quantity of gun-powder, valued at £800, was adjudged to be forfeited to three police-officers, who had seised it in an open barge, that had been moored alongside other vessels at a wharf on the Thames—contrary to an act of parliament, which (besides other salutary precautions) directs, that vessels, conveying powder up or down the river, shall be decked vessels, and shall not, while the

powder is on board, be moored at a wharf, or alongside any other vessel, but kept out in the stream—on pain of forfeiture of the powder to the persons seising it.

[15] *Nuisances.*—Mr. Soane, of Lincoln's Inn Fields, had erected, within the iron railing of his area, a building which projects beyond the fronts of the adjoining houses. Against this, as a common nuisance, the district surveyor lately laid an information at Bow-street office. The magistrates have decided, that, as it does not encroach on the foot-way, or create any inconvenience to passengers, it is not a common nuisance; and that the proprietors of houses may lawfully build as far as the railings in front of their areas.

[16] The convoy from Gottenburg, of about 200 valuable ships, is safe arrived.

[17] The harvest is finished in several of the Scottish counties, and has proved uncommonly abundant. The price of provisions is, of course, rapidly falling.

[17] On Monday se'nnight, a fire broke out in Camomile-street, Houndsditch; and—there being no water for the engines for three quarters of an hour—it made such rapid progress, as to destroy eleven houses in a few hours.

[17] On Sunday last, a serious alarm took place on board the Ganges prison-ship, at Plymouth, wherein 750 French prisoners were confined.—One of them had actually set fire to the ship, and burned a great hole in her, before it was discovered. The incendiary was soon detected, confessed his guilt, and declared that it was his intention to destroy himself and his companions, who were tired of confinement.

[17] *Rogues in Grain.*—At the Surrey sessions, yesterday, G. Mitchell, wharfinger, and John Smart, his servant, were indicted for receiving two pecks of oats and a peck of clover chaff from a carter, they knowing the same to be the property of his employers. Smart was sentenced to six months' imprisonment: Mitchell, not having been seen in the transaction, was acquitted.

[18] On last Wednesday and Thursday nights, Drury-Lane theatre was a scene of tumult and confusion, amounting even to absolute riot, occasioned by Dr. Busby's appealing to the audience against the decision of the committee, in preferring Lord Byron's Address, to one which he himself had sent in, and which he now wished to have recited by his son. At length, on the second night, young Mr. Busby obtained permission to deliver the Address on the stage. He attempted it, but could not be heard, on account of the noise in all quarters of the house. The Doctor has since published the piece in the newspapers; and, to afford our fair readers an opportunity of judging for themselves, we shall insert it in our next Number.

[19] At the late nomination of candidates for the parliamentary representation of the county of York, on Mr. Lascelles being nominated, his friends immediately commenced a subscription, to defray the expenses of his election; and, in a few hours, it amounted to above fifty thousand pounds, of which a noble Lord anonymously subscribed thirty thousand, under the signature of "*A Friend.*"—It afterward happened, however, that Mr. Lascelles was elected almost without opposition.

[19] Within the last few days, 20,000 additional stand of arms have been shipped from the Tower for the Spanish Peninsula.

[19] Baron Nicolai is just arrived in London, as minister from Russia, and is the bearer of the project of a commercial treaty, extremely favorable to British manufactures.

[21] Oct. 18, at Martin in Cleveland, three men, having incautiously descended, one after the other, into a deep well, were suffocated. A fourth was drawn up quite black in the face, and apparently dead, but soon recovered.—*No person should venture down a well of any depth, before he tries whether a candle will burn down to the water or not. If a candle will burn, a man may go down with safety:—if not, it is certain death.*

[21] *Illegitimate Child.*—Mary Luke, of Breage parish in Cornwall, is now, and has been nearly three years, confined, for refusing to name the father of her illegitimate child.

[22] Yesterday, a high tide in the Thames inundated Westminster-Hall and the whole vicinity. It is said, that, in the Hall itself, a waterman was employed with his wherry—the water being four feet deep.

[24] Lately a lieutenant of a ship in the Downs, commanding in the captain's absence, ordered a sergeant of marines to walk the deck with a musket, as a private man. The sergeant refusing, unless tried and broke by a court-martial, the lieutenant ran down for his dirk, and returning on deck, stabbed the sergeant, and killed him on the spot.

[27] An American privateer has made her appearance in the British Channel.

BORN.

[*September* 26] Yesterday, of the lady of James Walsh, esq. Parliament-street, a daughter.

[28] On the 24th, of the lady of Josiah Henshall, esq. Waxlow Hall, Middlesex, a daughter.

[*October* 3] Thursday, of the Duchess of Newcastle, a daughter.

[5] September 30, of the lady of Capt. Code, Kensington, a son, her *fifteenth*.

[6] Sept. 29, of the Lady of Sir Windsor Hunloke, bart. a son and heir.

[11] On the 7th, of Mrs. Rowsell, Cheapside, her *fourteenth* child.

[13] Sunday, of the lady of W. Martin Foster, esq. Gower-street, a daughter.

[14] Yesterday, of Mrs. Grant, Pentonville, a son.

[15] On the 13th, of the Hon. Mrs. Buchanan, Richmond, Surrey, a son.

[20] On the 17th, of the lady of P. Hadow, esq. Colney-House, a daughter.

[21] Saturday, of the lady of Capt. Grubb, of the R. Bucks Militia, a son and heir.

[21] Lately, of the lady of Geo. Waddell, esq. Cobham-Place, Bagshot, a son.

MARRIED.

[*September* 27] Tuesday, Henry Pitches Boyce, esq. to Lady Amelia Sophia Spencer.

[27] Lately, Mr. Smith, of Balby, near Doncaster, to Mrs. Morley—*his sixth fair partner*.

[*October* 1] Tuesday se'nnight, Robert Lundie, esq. of Hull, to Miss Mary Farr.

[1] Saturday, William Abba, esq. to Mrs. Scott, of Upper Berkeley-street.

[2] Tuesday, John Bush, esq. of Bradford, Wilts, to Miss Sarah Alderton.

[2] Yesterday, Mr. Wathen Phipps, Cork-street, Burlington Gardens, to the Lady Baroness Howe.

[8] Monday, the Rev. James Croft, to Miss Charlotte Manners Sutton, daughter of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

[8] Lately, William Stephens, esq. of Oxford, to Mrs. Brydges, of Wooton-Court, Kent.

[10] Sept. 28, The Hon. and Rev. Alfred Harris, to Miss Maria Markham, daughter of the Dean of York.

[15] Monday, at Richmond, Surrey, G. L. Clarke, esq. to Miss Elizabeth Mary Peirse, of Thimbleby Lodge, Yorkshire.

[16] Yesterday, Major Scott Waring, of Peterborough House, to Mrs. Esten.

[19] Tuesday, Dr. Bodley, of Brighton, to Miss Mary Ann Hamilton.

Marriage extraordinary!—Lately, at Blackburn, Henry Osbaldeston, *aged ninety five*, to Rachel Pemberton, spinster, *aged seventy-one!*

DECEASED.

[*September* 23] Yesterday, Sir Thomas Dingley Hatton, bart.

[24] Monday Lady Amcotts.

[28] On the 24th, Lady Harriett Jane Hay, sister to the Earl of Erroll.

[29] Saturday, Mrs. Arabella Beard, of Fenchurch-street, *aged* 71.

[29] On the 22d, the lady of Lieut. gen. Fuller.

[*October* 1] Monday se'nnight, *aged* 82, Mrs. Milnes, mother to the Viscountess Galway.

[2] Sept. 29, near Chepstow, Monmouthshire, Jacob Mills, esq. in his *80th year*.

[6] Saturday, Mary, eldest daughter of Sir Thomas Baring, bart.

[7] Sunday, in his *74th year*, the Rev. Dr. Hamilton, rector of St. Martin in the Fields.

[7] On the 5th, Mrs. Ingram, of Wolford, Warwickshire, *aged* 75.

[7] Saturday, at Freyle, the relict of the late Rev. G. Watkins.

[9] On the 7th, at Harrietsham in Kent, the Rev. James Robinson Hayward, *aged* 74.

[9] Wednesday, Lieut. gen. Donald Macdonald.

[13] Tuesday, Mrs. Elizabeth Baldwyn, Grosvenor-square, in her *85th year*.

[14] Saturday se'nnight, the Earl of Kenmare.

[14] On the 11th, Robert Hernon, esq. Upper Charlotte st. Fitzroy-square.

[18] Sunday, at Alford, Mrs. F. Gatehouse, in her *101st year*.—She cut *two new teeth* about two years since.

[20] Saturday, at Heston-House, Middlesex, James Fraser, esq. in his *70th year*.

[20] Saturday, James Lind, M. D. in his *78th year*.

[21] Monday, Sir Culling Smith, bart. in his *81st year*.

APPENDIX.

Bible Society.—The British and Foreign Bible Society—in addition to their annual grant of £2000 for translating and printing the Scriptures in all the languages of the East—have voted £3000 worth of paper, to replace that which was consumed by the fire in the Mission-House at Serampore. [*See our Mag. for September*, p. 431.]

Remarkable Chase.—Some time ago,

Mr. Boniface, of Ford, near Arundel, lost a greyhound, and made strict inquiry after him, but to no purpose, until at length, during the late harvest, some reapers found him lying among the standing corn, with a hare by his side—both dead, and in a state of putrefaction. It is naturally supposed that the hound had been in pursuit of the hare, and the race so equally sustained by the two animals, that they ran till nature was totally exhausted, and both dropped dead together.

The Dog and Fiddle.—The owner of a water-spaniel, at Manchester, having lately thrown a stone into a pond, and ordered his dog to dive after it, the animal immediately obeyed, and, after some time, brought up a green bag containing an excellent violin.—A person present desired that another stone might be thrown in, adding, "Who knows but he may next bring up the fiddler?"

Vauxhall Bridge.—This long-delayed bridge is at last contracted for, and begun. Col. Baynton, in conjunction with Mr. Grillier, has undertaken to complete it, under due securities, for the sum of seventy five thousand pounds. One pier is already laid; and the manner of doing it is equally novel and ingenious, and, if successful, will form a model for all future bridges. It is to be entirely finished in two years. All the upper parts of the bridge are to be of cast iron.

Changes in Nature.—Various chasms and collections of water have recently been discovered among the Breconshire hills in the neighbourhood of Crickhowell, which were never before observed, and which some attribute to a subterraneous convulsion.

Mermaid and Triton.—An account has appeared in the papers, of a Mermaid, said to have been seen near Exmouth on the 12th of last August. A *remarkably minute* description of the creature is given, mentioning, among other particulars, that the back part of the body was covered with *feathers of a pale pink color!*—That account is accompanied with the notice of a Triton, said to have been seen by some French fishermen, in a creek on the coast of Morbihan, on the 31st of July.

Modern Cæsars.—During the disturbances in Ireland in the year 1798, Mr. Beresford commanded a corps of volunteers entirely composed of revenue officers, of whose discipline he was very proud. Boasting one day of the excellence of his regiment, a wag observed, that he did not doubt it, as they were, to a man, all *Cæsars* [*Seisers.*]

Expensive Elections.—The "Morning Chronicle," of October 1, states that the expenses of the great Westminster contest amounted to £80,000—Sir Francis Burdett's, for Westminster, £80,000—Mr. Wilberforce's, for York, £58,000; and the two other candidates, each about double that sum, or, together, £230,000—making the total expenditure of the three candidates for York near *three hundred thousand pounds.*

Deterioration of Malt Liquors.—From Combrune's Treatise on Brewing, it appears, that, in the year 1761, the quantity of liquor, produced from a quarter of malt, was—of ale, from 1 barrel, 2 firkins, to 1 b. 3 f.—of porter, from 2 b. 1 f. to 2 b. 3 f.—of small beer, from 4 b. 1 f. to 5 b. 1 f.—whereas, at the present day, a quarter of malt is made to yield, of ale, 2 b. 2 f.—of porter, 3 b. 2 f.—of small beer, 8 b. 1 f—whence it is evident that the porter and small beer are now only about half as strong and nutritive as they were half a century ago, although the porter was then sold at 3½*d.* a quart.

Sick Head-Ach.—To remove an attack of this complaint, a correspondent in a late monthly publication recommends to the patient to take "a table-spoonful of magnesia, and half a tea-spoonful of ginger, mixed with a lump of sugar, in a tumbler three parts full of water, with the chill off; to sit, for a quarter of an hour, with his feet in water agreeably warm; and to apply a napkin wrung out of cold water to his temples or forehead, which ever he feels the most affected."—Here, however, be it permitted to us to observe, that a gentleman of our acquaintance, having taken somewhat less than a tea-spoonful of ginger in a glass of Soda water, felt an instantaneous shock, as if struck on the forehead by the hand of a giant—that he reeled and staggered, ready to fall—and, during four or five days, was incessantly affected with a most grievous head-ach and stupor.—On another occasion, he experienced precisely the same effects from the addition of a small quantity of loaf sugar to the Soda water.—In both cases, the liquor foamed prodigiously: and the foam was as thick and solid as yeast from strong beer, after having stood a day or two.—We pledge ourselves for the accuracy of this statement.